

N GIRL

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by MARJORIE VETTER

MYSTERY OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE. By ELIZABETH HONNESS. J. B.

Lippincott, \$2.50. Elizabeth Honness should know what girls like in a story. She used to be managing editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Now she has a daughter who could not wait to know what was going to happen next, while her mother was writing about the deserted chateau, its French owners, the bodiless arm clutching the sword, the lost jewels, and the prying, sinister stranger in this book. The Clovels and Garners are normal, pleasant families who have long been summer neighbors. The youngsters—redheaded Hilda and Steve Clovel, their friends Michael and Terence Garner, with adorable three-year-old Taffy Clovel sometimes tagging along—have had their best times—some of them pretty scary—in the grounds of the romantic and mysterious vacant chateau across the road. To their dismay, it looks as though their favorite spot is lost to them this summer, for neat gardens and fresh paint give evidence that the chateau is to be occupied. Are the Duvals, the original owners, returning from France after all these years? If so, what will they be like and why are they coming back? Almost at once they learn that the Duvals are back and meet Mavis, the girl in the family. In spite of her friendliness and the fun they all have together, Hilda senses at once that the attractive half-French, half-English Mavis is troubled by a secret worry. The young people are increasingly alarmed by the actions of an unknown man who seems altogether too inquisitive about their affairs. Soon they find themselves in the midst of the scary excitement, the strange happenings concerned with the loss of the famous Duval diamond necklace. They have a great deal more to do with the successful ending to the mystery than anyone, including themselves, could have imagined. These natural, lively youngsters are very much like your own friends. They perform no impossible, out-of-character feats, they assume no adult prerogatives. The well-plotted mystery in which they are involved is entertaining and believable. The lovely Catskill Mountain background is vivid and appealing and, though this is a story for younger readers, there is a very satisfactory bit of that romance for which girls yearn.

ONE AGAINST THE SEA. By BETTY MORGAN BOWEN. Longmans, Green

and Co., \$2.75. "I want you and Merrie to go to your grandmother in England . . . Please take care of Merrie, always—" So said the note Bill's mother had written to him just before she died. Bill did not want to leave the town on Long Island Sound where he had lived all his life. Here he was known and respected by old and young alike; here were his friends, the football team of which he was captain, and the wonderful boat he had salvaged and just finished rebuilding so very

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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successfully. But his mother had never asked anything of him that was not wise and right, so he could not go against her wishes, though he did not understand them. From the moment he set foot on the gangplank of the liner that carried him and his small sister Merrie to England, until he reached Dyke House, his grandmother's home high on a sea cliff in a wild corner of Yorkshire, Bill could hardly have had a more difficult journey. Though he did not understand why he had to be uprooted from all that was familiar and dear to him, he was determined to make a success of his life in England. But the very first day at his grandmother's he injured a sickly boy, much smaller than he, in a fight with a group of boys over a wrecked yacht Bill had salvaged. This turned boys and townspeople against him. Everywhere he turned he had to struggle—to be accepted, to repair and guard the salvaged yacht, to care for his grandmother and little sister, and to fight the ever-encroaching sea, bent on undermining Dyke House. This is a boy's story, but we cannot picture a girl who would not enjoy it. It is moving and exciting, absorbing to the end. The smell and power of the sea is in it; the beauty of Yorkshire; and the warm, neighborly people who make clear to Bill the reason for his mother's request.



CUES FOR CAREERS. By JUDITH UNGER

SCOTT. Macrea Smith Company, \$2.75. "What are you planning to do after high school?" Sometimes it must seem to you that everyone you meet asks this question—and it bothers you because you have no ready answer. It shouldn't, says the author of this book, because high school years are a time of testing, inquiring, meeting people, getting ideas, and making up your mind. If you are not one of the lucky few who know exactly what they want to be, you will find treasure trove in the excellent advice on careers in general in this book, and the honest, concise presentation of over a hundred careers in the arts, industry, and the professions. Home economics, retailing, advertising, teaching, medicine, service groups, in self-employment—here, in brief, is practically any kind of a job you can think of and probably some that would never have occurred to you but which may arouse your interest. It is more fun if you can work at something you really enjoy. Miss Scott wisely places emphasis on matching ability, desire, and temperament to the job. She gives a brief picture of what the job is like and what opportunities it offers, what physical and temperamental characteristics make for happiness and success in it, and what its difficulties and satisfactions are. She writes in a friendly, informal style. Perhaps you remember her earlier books—"Lessons in Loveliness," "Manners for Moderns," and "Pattern for Personality"—all reviewed in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Maybe you will find one or two careers here which appeal especially to you and which you can investigate more thoroughly in ways Miss Scott suggests.



DREAMBOATS FOR TRUDY. By MIL-

DRED LAWRENCE. Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$2.75. Trudy Freeman was always losing herself in exciting and colorful daydreams and waking up to find herself in embarrassing situations. But one of her impossible dreams—a trip to Europe—came true. She spent the summer traveling in Europe with her mother, new stepfather, and his children, fifteen-year-old Brooke and eight-
(Continued on page 71)

SEPTEMBER, 1954

The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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SEPTEMBER COVER PHOTO



Turnabout, they say, is fair play. And that's what we did to give you a right-side view of our cover dresses. Pretty Ann Helm, left, shows you what the smart subteen is wearing. Scoop-neck princess jumper nips the waist, curves to full flare. For a tonic effect, the Reeves' corduroy in lush jewel tones, orange, royal, or turquoise; about \$9. The blouse—puffed sleeves and wing-spread bow; 8-14 subteen, about \$4. Similar teen version, worn by lovely Brenda Gahan, features gray, red, turquoise, or orange felt jumper; about \$11. A wee bit more sophistication in her blouse—push-up sleeves, collar 'n' bow-tie closing; about \$4. Blouses in Fuller fabrics cotton print. Both outfits by Derby. See page 76.



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THE AMERICAN GIRL



watch the curves

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Left: flare-back style with contrasting color at cuffs and yoke... grey with frost trim; frost grey with grey; navy with gold. Right: casual classic with tab closing under the collar, and self-stitching for added fashion detail... frost grey, coral, teal, cotillion blue, misty mauve, king tan. Both styles in sub-teen sizes 8 to 14. Each, \$49.95; matching hat, \$5.95.



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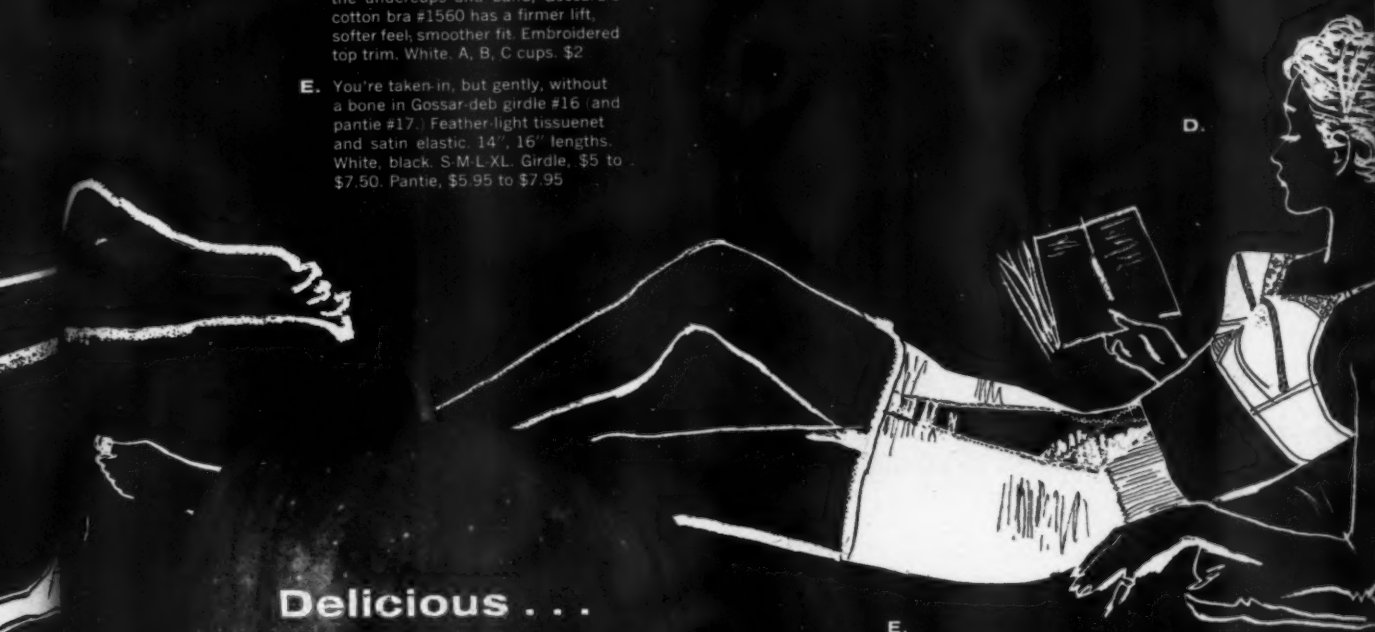


A.

B.

C.

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- C. Fresh idea, pink and green "flower show" on the nylon sheer panel of Gossar-deb 2-way stretch pantie #352 (and girdle #342.) White, edged and ribboned in pink. S-M-L. \$3.95 each.
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- E. You're taken-in, but gently, without a bone in Gossar-deb girdle #16 (and pantie #17.) Feather-light tisseu-net and satin elastic. 14", 16" lengths. White, black. S-M-L-XL. Girdle, \$5 to \$7.50. Pantie, \$5.95 to \$7.95.



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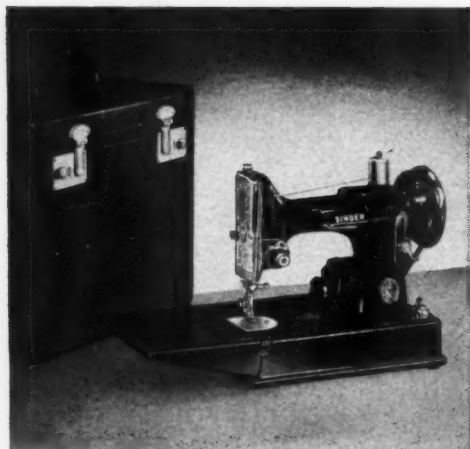
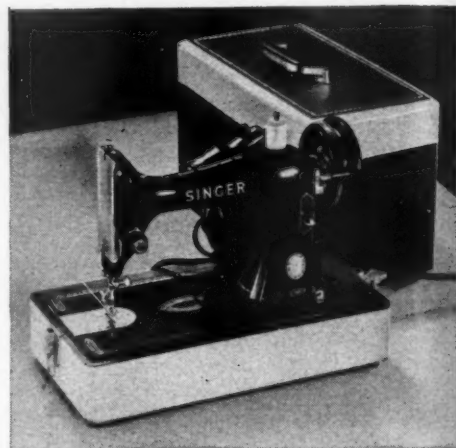


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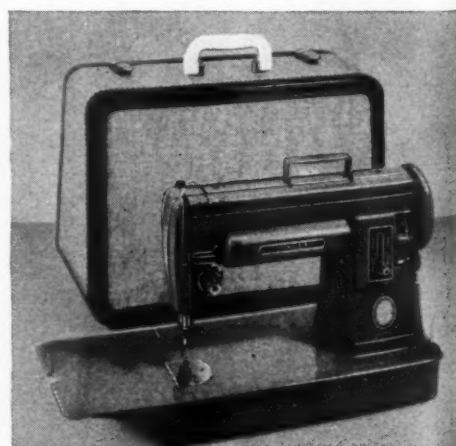


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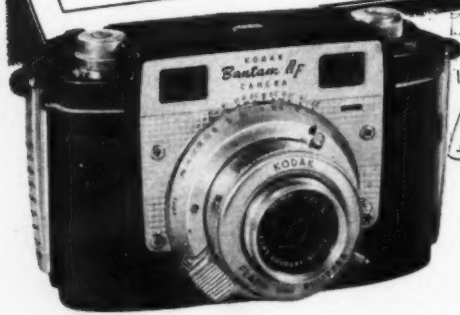
Brownie Hawkeye Camera—Looks modern, is modern. A beautiful little camera and a cinch to use. Gives you 12 pictures $2\frac{1}{4}$ " square per roll of Kodak 620 Film. With its \$4 Flashholder you're in business anywhere, any time. The camera is \$6.95; for a Field Case add \$3.25. This is a "classic" camera; you'll be bragging to your grandchildren that you had one.

Four Swell Cameras (you can't miss)

If price bothers you, forget it. The lowest priced camera on this page is a terrific picture maker. And modern! You'll want flash. So all these cameras can be fitted with a Kodak Flashholder. Want easy, trouble-free snapshotting? A fast lens and shutter? Want color in prints or transparencies—or both? See these cameras wherever Kodak cameras are sold in your neighborhood. One of them will give you just what you want.



Kodak Duaflex III Cameras—There are two Duaflex models. Both have a big reflex finder and double-exposure preventer. The Kodar model adjusts for distance and light; it's a remarkable value at \$22.50. The Kodet model, pre-set for average shots, is \$14.95. A \$4 Flashholder and a \$2.65 Field Case fit either model. Uses 620 Kodak Film; makes $2\frac{1}{4}$ " square pictures.



Kodak Bantam R.F. Camera—"R.F." stands for rangefinder, and it's a good one. The lens is an $f/3.9$; the shutter speeds up to $1/300$. Loads with 828 Kodak Film—black-and-white, Kodachrome, or Kodacolor. This is a precisely made job. Yet the camera's cost is \$59.75. Buy it in the handy, handsome "Town & Country Outfit," and you get Flashholder, Field Case, and all for just \$75.00. Nice.

Prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.



The Kodak Pony Cameras are both true "miniatures." The "135"—at \$34.75—takes 35mm. film, in 20- or 36-exposure loads of black-and-white or Kodachrome Film; the "828"—at \$29.50—takes 8-exposure rolls of black-and-white, Kodachrome or Kodacolor Film. Both models have a fine, fast lens and a $1/200$ top speed shutter. Flashholder, \$7.95, Field Case, about \$7.00.

Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak



Norna heard a boy ask, "All right with you if I sit here?"

City Slicker

by SKULDA V. BANER

Illustrations by Fred Irvin

*The clannish snobbery of the
mineworkers' children
isolated Norna until—*

AT THE NEAREST TABLE she could find in the cafeteria of Luther High, Norna Tvilling quickly cleared her tray, placing all her selections of Mrs. Svea's good cooking in a tempting array in front of her. She tried to look casual, as freshman after freshman from her class sauntered or hurried in, picking up trays, cutlery, and food as they came. Maybe today? Maybe today one of them—or a gay half dozen—would catch her eye, and set their plates down beside her? Involuntarily, Norna gave a little flirt of her paper napkin toward the bare place that shone invitingly beside her at the table. She smiled—casually—as if she didn't care and took a deep sip of Mrs. Svea's creamy chocolate milk.

The chocolate milk all but choked her because of the lump in her throat. You'd think I had the measles! Norna thought grimly, and bit her lip to steady it.

One by one, they passed her, the girls with the trays. They melted into a huddle at the long rear table, and with great clatter and chatter went about their noon-hour business of food and drink and words and laughter—all in one happy hash.

Norna was about to leave and go up to study hall to make friends with Mr. Caesar and his legions in Gaul, when the tall boy who was sophomore-class president came along, balancing his tray on a tripod of fingers, searching with gray eyes for a spot to sit. He saw the vacant space at Norna's table.

"All right with you if I sit here?" He was already unloading his mounded trayful.

"I—I was just leaving," Norna set down her emptied chocolate mug.

"Why? Gosh sakes, it's not first bell for—well, hours! I like visiting; food's better for the sauce of a little gab, my pa says!" His eyes lifted from Mrs. Svea's fragrant meat loaf. "Besides, you're new. From Chicago, aren't you? I think we should get acquainted. And what's a better time than over a slab of bread, a jug of chocolate, and thou? Sorry, Mr. Khayyám!"

"Acquainted!" It was the only thought in his chatter Norna could focus upon. "Acquainted!"

"Of course," he said easily, "you know your own class by now. After all, it's a couple of months since school began! But us upper classmen? Oh—hey! Did I say something?"

Norna saw his gray-eyed concern through a mist. But she was herself again in a moment, the lump swallowed out of her throat.

"Silly me! Too much pepper—always makes me snuffle."

"Allergies," he said profoundly. "Ma gets them from strawberries."

Norna remembered about Mr. Caesar, but she had to stay. She searched for something to say, finally found it.

"Basaraba," she quoted his name. "You're Mike Basaraba; I know from Friday afternoon's Lyceum. My father says Basaraba is a very—meaningful name." She bit her tongue upon mention of her father, but it was too late. Quickly she hurried on to distract his attention. "I—I think it's musical. Basaraba."

But Mike had not heard the latest at all. "Your pa bought the photograph studio, didn't he? Going to take our class pictures and stuff?"

Norna lifted her head proudly. "He is one of just one hundred and twenty-five *master* photographers in all the United States! You have to be specially good, and take extra hard exams, to be a master photographer!"

Mike looked properly impressed. "Boy!" he breathed. "Master photographer—maybe that's almost as good's being a mine captain! Only, of course your hands get redder down there deep in the iron mines!"

It was like a red flag fluttered at a bull. Norna struck back with the stab of her angry tongue as if she were, indeed, defending her dad in a duel to the death.

"My dad gets his hands dirty in his work, too! If all your fathers go around red with iron ore, my dad's hands are brown and stained from developer and—and fixative—and—hydro—"

The whole lonely isolation of these first months in a small town, in a school where everyone knew everyone else, came to a climax. Norna felt suddenly that it wasn't just Mike Basaraba she was thrusting at. It was all of them—all! The close-knit circle of girls whose fathers worked in the mines—laughing, sharing secrets, apart from her, snubbing her, ostracizing her as if she were in a contagious ward. She had tried to interest them in things she had seen and done in Chicago; in her travels about the country with her parents—museums, national parks, the Empire State building in New York. She had worn her prettiest sweaters and dresses. She had talked about plays she had seen, books she had read. She had told them how things were done in a big city high school. But they were not interested. She had tried unsuccessfully to share their activities.

"Hydrochinon!" Norna repeated, as best she could remember, the darkroom word her father brought home with him along with all the talk about the work he loved. "Hydrochinon. It stains, too, Mr. Mike Basaraba, and don't you forget it."

She felt him staring after her over the last of his apple pie, as she haughtily marched from the cafeteria. She was ashamed of her vehemence. She had behaved as one might who kicked the cat because he had walked into a door in the dark!

Latin verbs, *ab equals x*, proteins and carbohydrates in Miss Hoffman's Home Ec—Norna kept too busy the rest of the day for much thought.

At home, after the hurried walk through the bleak and bare chill of the November late afternoon, she had little time to think of school or the invisible little cubicle in which she sat apart. She would not have talked about it to Mom and Dad, anyway. But at the table, her father's words penetrated the gloom she was trying to hide.



She stared at him over the slice of new-baked bread she was buttering. "You were down in the mine today, Dad? You?"

Her father's eyes twinkled at her.

"Surprised, baby? Just because your father lives by film and camera, do you think he's too sissy for men whose hands work with other things?"

Mom, her voice both proud and troubled said, "The man from New York who writes the feature stories—Peter Michaels, remember? He is doing one about the hematite iron-ore mines up here in Michigan. He has asked your father to take the pictures."

"Oh, Dad!" Norna looked at her father, and he seemed rusted over with the very special glory that working underground had seemed to give the other girls' fathers here in Iron Valley.

"You're sure it's quite safe—" The moment she had said this much, Mom bit her lip to keep the rest back. She never spoke



On the street there was madhouse confusion—hurrying people, wailing siren

her worries out loud to trouble her family, Norna knew well. "Of course it's safe!" Dad reassured them. "Think! Your father with a miner's lamp on his head down in the mines with the rest of them in 'See It' on every newsstand a few months from now!"

Norna could hardly wait for next morning and the walk to Luther High. Other mornings she met, and was passed, by other girls. But this morning . . .

She fell deliberately into line with Tyyni, whose people had come from Finland. And she stayed in pace, unsquelched, even after Tyyni's too-polite return of the greeting, her deliberate slowing for some of the others to catch up.

"Just imagine!" Norna took a deep breath, like a toreador taking his bull by both horns. "Imagine, a gorgeous bright day like this and my poor dad down in the dark underground!" And

THE AMERICAN GIRL

then hastily, because she felt the snub of Tyyni's withdrawal, "But he says it's wonderful, down there. Fascinating and interesting and—and wonderful!"

It took a half block before Tyyni gave in to her curiosity. "Underground? Your father?"

"Yes!" Norna boasted. And wondered if she had ever been half so proud, even when her father was made a master photographer. "Way down underground!"

"Where?"

"Townsite."

"My father is at Townsite!"

"I know. It's such a famous, big mine! It will be featured in the magazine 'See It'!"

"It's been in magazines," Tyyni's voice chilled at the edges again. "Lot's of times. 'Iron Age,' and all."

"Oh, I know!" Norna hurried past her own blundering. "I know! Lots of times!" She reached for all the glory she could find to heap upon that red-rusted skeleton of timbers that she could see from her own bedroom window. "I know that high as the Empire State building is, it's hundreds and hundreds of feet less than all the way down into Townsite! Even if you sharpened the Empire State building and pushed it deep into the ground, it'd only go about three fourths down! No wonder—"

Tyyni quickened her pace. Grimly Norna kept stride, trying to think how to break through her unfriendly coldness.

At last Tyyni asked, "What's your father doing below?"

"Pictures," Norna said, before she thought. "Just think, besides the heavy boots, the heavy lamp on his head, he has to carry his tripod and camera and all that stuff! And climb down all the rungs of the ladders — over a hundred feet down, straight down, camera and all! And—"

"Pictures!" Tyyni Peltonen turned upon her briefly. Her sky-blue eyes were cold as the stars. Her pretty nose all but sniffed. Her soft red mouth was a tight line. "Pictures! My father works down there!"

What was the use? Somehow Norna—grimly keeping pace as they marched into the schoolyard—felt more hopelessly devastated than she had in all her life. She knew there were no deeper bottoms of snubbed isolation, no, not even for small-pox victims in the pesthouse out beyond the cemetery!

She was grateful for Saturday. Another week at school was behind her. Maybe she was not the social kind—even though she had been part of everything, and everyone had liked her, in the big Chicago suburb where they had lived before her father had a chance to buy this upper Michigan studio, settle here in Iron Valley. She made up her mind she would hew to but one mark. Work, study—that would be her life. She saw herself one day in lonely organdy splendor as class salutatorian.

When she returned from some shopping for Mom, Dad wasn't home yet. Yesterday he had finished at Townsite, where for a whole week he had shared with the miners their life, their work, their underground living. These last few days he would go from mine to mine, recording differences, similarities, what was alike about all the iron mines of the area, what was not. After that, he would be back where he

(Continued on page 50)

Bitter or sweet—memories of a summer romance are up to you

YOU'LL SAY 'YES' if Hank asks you won't you, Bev?" Ann persisted. "We could go as a foursome and be characters from history. We might even win a prize for our costumes. Think of it, Bev, first prize in the Howard High masquerade!"

"Hank hasn't asked me yet." Ann's green eyes were puzzled and sober.

"But he will, I know, if you'd just give him some encouragement. That's all he needs. Tommy thinks so, too, and he's Hank's best friend."

"I hope Hank *doesn't* ask me yet. I don't know just what I'm going to do."

"What's the matter?" Ann pulled her knees up under her chin and looked at Beverly's reflection in the mirror over her dressing table. "Is there somebody else?"

Beverly bit her lip. Ann had put her finger on the problem. There was, and there wasn't. "I don't know yet," she repeated, flushing a little. Her fingers closed around the tiny plaster-of-Paris kitten that she was wearing on the chain about her throat. "I may be doing something else that night," she said casually. "Pitch me my history notebook, will you?"

Ann dutifully pitched, and the conversation went safely back to tomorrow's quiz on the Roman Empire. But Beverly's thoughts swung like a pendulum between Rome and Candy Cove beach. Not just Candy Cove—that rather desolate waste of beach land where a handful of cottages straggled around the cove—but Dick, blond and blue-eyed, whose presence had transformed Candy Cove into a heavenly place.

Dick. Her fingers caressed the kitten he had given her on that last night. He had bought it for her because, he said, it looked like her: cute and wide-eyed.

"Be seeing you," he had said. Casually. "I'm going to spend two weeks in Indiana, and then I'll be back in Howard City. Funny, isn't it: you and I both living there, hardly three miles apart, and never seeing each other until we came here to the Cove."

That had been the middle of August; and now the autumn chill was in the air and still she had heard nothing from him.

"It was meant to be," she had answered then. Sort of prearranged by destiny, she thought in a confused way.

"I guess so." He stopped talking then, and they sat very close together while the little car of the Ferris wheel went higher and higher and the lights of the carnival fell away below them.

Every day since she came home, she had looked for a note, listened for a ring on the telephone.

She kept telling herself there could be all kinds of good reasons why he hadn't written or phoned. He could be busy, for one thing; everyone always said the course at Burton Prep, the private school in the

Gothic gray stone buildings, was stiff. He might even have been sick. A little pang shot through her at the thought.

Perhaps he'd lost her telephone number. There were dozens of Martins in the phone book; and her father's name being Willard, theirs was one of the last. Maybe he had tried to call all the Martins and had given up in weariness before he reached the W's.

He couldn't have forgotten her. She remembered another evening at the Cove. She had been in a flurry to get ready to meet him and had been impatient with her father for occupying the shower so long. Through the thin walls of the summer cottage she had heard her father's voice: "What's the matter with Bev?"

And her mother, laughing a little, answered: "Oh, Jim, she's in the throes of a summer romance. You know. Vitaly important, and then, when the summer's over, poof! Gone up the spout. If you ever *do* see the boy again—or the girl—you wonder what under the sun was so wonderful about the guy."

"Guess that's right," her father said. "I remember, now. There was a girl one summer when I was fifteen—"

She had turned on the shower then, and the rush of water splattering in the stall drowned out his words. Poof! Gone up the spout! Her cheeks burned. Maybe it had been that way with her mother and her father, but not with Dick and her.

She remembered their first meeting. He was propped against the gray dock, his legs stretched long against the sand.

"Hello," she said shyly.

He jerked his head back. "Well, hello!" he said. "I thought this beach had nothing but fossils, but I see now I was wrong."

She blushed a little. "You're new here, aren't you?"

He nodded, patted the sand beside him. "Have a seat. Yes. We pulled in yesterday—that cottage on the end with the sway-backed roof. Yesterday. That means I've been here a whole week already."

"Since yesterday?"

"Since yesterday. Maybe from now on the weeks won't be so long." He grinned. "My name's Dick. Dick Travers."

"I'm Beverly Martin. But everybody calls me Bev."

"They shouldn't. Beverly's like music. I'm going to call you Beverly. Always."

She had seen him every day for two weeks. They sunned on the beach sometimes, had a picnic lunch one day on the rocks where the arm of the Cove reached out to sea. There wasn't anyone else within years of their age. Just the "old regulars," as Beverly called them, and some new sprouts in bright red playsuits tumbling about with sand pails.

Two weeks wasn't long, but it was long enough to learn all about him. It was astounding to find that he lived so near her

by Elizabeth Eicher

Illustration by Jack Whitsett

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home, that he rode the bus past her school each day on his way to Burton. His older sister even knew a girl whose younger sister was in Beverly's class, and that made them practically old friends.

All too soon the two weeks were over. They had one more evening together, and on the next day Dick and his parents were pulling out for Indiana.

"There's a carnival," he said, "in the village. Would you like to go?"

"Oh, yes! It would be fun."

"It's something different, anyway."

They caught the bus and rode the four miles to the village.

"No need to ask directions," Dick said, nodding toward the blaze of lights on the edge of town. "This must be a big event. Look at the crowd."

She had been to fairs and carnivals before, but this was the best one. The lights were brighter; the roasted peanuts tasted better. What used to seem shoddy now seemed almost glamorous.

Their feet trod the yielding sawdust. They tossed wooden hoops at racked clothespins, and Dick made a perfect score. The barker presented him with a brown-and-white Teddy bear, and they laughed until the tears stood in her eyes. They walked on, munching peanuts and popcorn and giggling about the prize.

"Want a ride?" Dick asked, as they approached the merry-go-round.

She nodded. "But not on those steeds. There." She pointed to the Ferris wheel.

"I've always wanted to ride one of those."

His eyes lit up. "Beverly! So have I!"

They waited patiently for the wheel to come to a halt and unload its passengers, a car at a time. About them was the blare of music, the shouts of vendors; but it seemed as though they were on a little island of quiet, just the two of them.

Dick looked down at her, the fingers of his right hand intertwined with hers. "You know, Beverly, I thought this month would be wasted, being here at Candy Cove and then visiting Dad's relatives in Indiana. But it hasn't been. Even if Indiana's terrible, there's still been this; there's been you."

A little happy feeling glowed within her. "It's been nice," she said, and felt how inadequate that sounded.

He helped her into the car, and they slowly went upward.

"I'll be seeing you," he said.

It was over soon after that. All except the purchase of the little kitten. They were passing a vendor of balloons and feathered canes and gimcracks, and suddenly he stopped.

"Look, Beverly. Those cats and dogs and things. For a charm bracelet, hunh?"

"Oh, isn't it precious?"

He picked up the kitten. "This one, please." He

Her thoughts kept swinging back to Dick and the fun at Candy Cove





Is the Horse a Vanishing Race?

Some insist he has a few qualities no flivver can boast!

by DOROTHY CHILDS HOGNER



*Turns on a dime?—huh!
Try this with an eight-
horsepower steel job!*

HORSEPOWER! Yes, that's a very familiar term—one that has little to do with horses, you say. The word is like the print of a dinosaur's foot on stone—a vivid reminder of other days.

Will the horse go the way of the dinosaur? For those of us who love horses, that's a query with a sharp sting. And yet—

Certainly, if anyone had suggested to your great-grandfather that the horse might someday disappear, he would have treated the matter as a joke. "Indeed!" he'd have laughed. "And what other beast will furnish the power to plow and plant our farms, and truck the harvest into town? What other beast will we hitch to the streetcar and the omnibus? What other animal will carry the soldier into battle, almost as valiant as man himself? Why—when the horse vanishes, civilization will be done!"

And yet we know that great-granddad was wrong. In only a few decades, the word horsepower has come to mean, not the mighty sinews of a beast that fought and labored for man, but something that man invented and locked up in a machine. We can't help wondering—does that spell the horse's doom?

Be of good cheer. Times have changed, there's no denying it. The farmer with many fields to plow often owns a tractor. Giant trucks roll over our roads. The soldier mounts the army tanks. For the traveler, there's the family automobile, the long-distance bus, the airplane. Yet, if the role of the horse has changed, he still occupies a cherished place in the life of our nation and of the world.

And no wonder! A horse has "heart." He is warm with life. He can not only move at his master's signal, but *care* and share in his pleasure and his sport. And, in spite of the advent of machines, he is still a creature of use and service in many places.

Those who breed horses divide them into four classes:

1. **Draft horses** (heavy work horses) some of which weigh a ton.
2. **Light horses**, including the saddle breeds used by the police, on the bridle path and ranch, the race track and polo field; and the harness breeds used for pleasure driving, harness racing, or pulling a delivery wagon.

3. **Ponies**; 4. **Asses**.

DRAFT HORSES

The best-known draft horses are the dappled gray or black Percheron from France, the honey-maned Belgian, the great Scotch Clydesdale, and the giant English Shire—biggest horse in the world. The Clydesdale and Shire both have heavy "feather" on their legs. These four big fellows used to take care of the city trucking and the heavy farmwork. And, of course, there were the common draft horses known as Chunks—lighter in weight and "horsepower" than the big four, but heavier than the light-horse class.

With very few exceptions today, the heavy drafter is gone from city life, at least in the United States. Motor trucks do the hauling in the big centers. Down on the farm, the story is not quite the same. It seems that in 1953—according to United States Department of Agriculture—there were nearly four million horses on American farms. And this did not include the mules!

The number really does stand for a decline. Ten years ago, there were three times that many horses on farms, and twice as many mules as there are today. The tractor is doing its best to

shove the farm horse out of the picture. But it isn't quite succeeding. One proof is the fact that the breeders have recently developed a *new* heavy draft horse—the first to be a real native of the United States.

The new breed is known as the **American Cream Horse**—a medium heavyweight, with cream-colored coat, white mane and tail, pink skin, and amber eyes. If you live in the Middle West, you may have seen him. And—well, can't you close your eyes and imagine a six-horse hitch of American Creams in a great grain field?

LIGHT HORSES

Though the draft horse has been banished from our cities, you'll still find the light horse in evidence there, as well as in many a countryside.

Anyone who has visited New York City is familiar with the sight of blue-coated patrolmen riding police horses of the handsome Morgan type. It's true that motorcycles and cars carry many over their beats in our large cities. But mounted troops have their special function in controlling crowds at parades, and in riot and crime prevention.

The heroic days of the military horse may be almost over. But the United States Army still keeps nearly four hundred mules and horses for use by mounted patrols, and for training in case of special missions that might come up, especially in high mountain country.

Drawings by C. W. Anderson, from "Thoroughbreds," "A Touch of Greatness," and "Deep Through the Heart" (Macmillan)



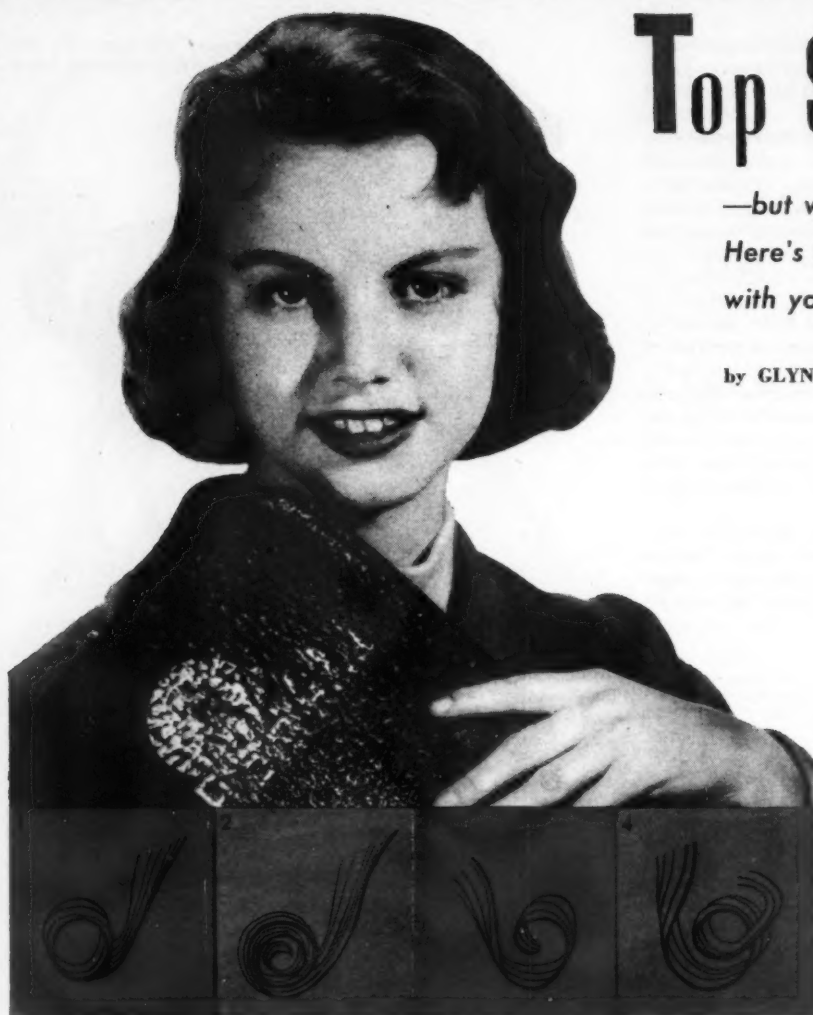
In Vermont, 150 years ago, this Morgan horse sired a new breed

Our own rugged mountains and great plains still are the number-one civilian horse country. When you smell sagebrush, taste alkaline dust, and hear bawling calves, you're also pretty sure to see leather boots and roping spurs, Stetson hats and wrangler jeans, bridles with hand-forged steel bits, saddle blankets, stock saddles—even foam or sponge-rubber seats! The cowboy may like his modern comfort, but the saddle is still his home. The open spaces no longer are as open as in the days of the old Chisholm Trail, when a cow could start running from Texas to Nebraska or even to Canada—and nothing but weariness could cause it to halt. Today, the ranges are fenced—but they still are vast. You may spy a (Continued on page 62)

Thoroughbred yearlings—all vibrantly alive, sensitive, and beautiful!



THE AMERICAN GIRL



Top Secret

—but we'll let you in on it!
Here's how to do wonders
with your type of hair!

by GLYNNE

No. 1: This curl is made by winding hair in a series of same-size rings. Combed, the curl stands away from head. Good for poodle cut

No. 2: Hair is rolled into a snail-shaped curl. The ring on the inside is the smallest. For use in a hairdo that has to lie close to the head

No. 3: This curl will come out looking exactly as you made it. It is an ideal pin curl for Italian-boy hair cuts and for all "spit" curls

No. 4: This curl looks like "No. 3" except the inside of the curve is looped over to make a complete turn. It forms tighter curl than No. 3

Picture and drawings courtesy of Victor Vito, author of "Top Secrets of Hair Styling"

THE ELEVATOR DOOR closed behind us. We were in the beauty salon of one of America's leading hair stylists. We followed his assistant past booths separated by white wooden fences, from which green bushes sprouted. Toward the end of the salon a white wooden rabbit was suspended in mid-air.

"What is it supposed to represent?"

"I've always wanted to know *myself*!" his assistant shot back, and ushered us into a corner room.

It was unusual for a beauty salon but, as we shortly discovered, no more so than the ideas of its owner, Victor Vito, who swung right into his subject after introductions. "Beautiful hair—NOT beautiful hairdos—that's what counts. I want to get this idea across to American teen-agers!

"Beautiful hair has practically nothing to do with hair stylists—or beauty parlors. It has a lot to do with the individual—I guess that means each of your readers. You see, hair needs to be clean, brushed, and understood."

"Hair . . . understood?" We smiled.

"Isn't that going a bit far? We have to understand parents, children, pets . . . but hair?"

"I don't mean psychology," he explained. "A girl must know her hair's texture—if it's fine, medium, or coarse; whether it's oily or dry. She should find out how much "bend" it has—and by bend I mean its natural wave."

"Most girls feel there's not enough bend."

"Not at all! Every kind of hair is right—providing you choose the right style. I'm partial to straight hair, myself."

"You are! It's certainly hard to manage!"

"Not at all. The idea is to work *with* it—not against it. Push straight hair into a style meant for curly hair—and you're doomed!"

"Then the curly-haired girl would seem to have an edge on her straight-haired sisters."

Victor was explosive. "Nonsense—I think both ways. Take Leslie Caron, star of 'Lili'—I think part of her charm was in her short, lopped-off straight hair. I call her sort of hairdo 'The Scrabble'! This is

one style that can't be used for thick, curly heads."

He explained that straight hair has the beauty of simplicity and is adaptable to dozens of styles: the witchery of bangs and pigtails is back in fashion, and ponytails are unbeatable on sleek straight hair. Never brush hair back loosely, he advised, because straight hair won't stay put. If you want to wear it back, anchor it firmly.

"Then again," he said, thoughtfully, "most straight-haired girls *aren't* straight-haired."

Was he joking? "Pardon . . ." we began, when the low voice broke in, "Well, many straight-haired people have a slight bend in their hair near their foreheads. This can be brought out with a good cut plus a flick of the wrist when combing."

Victor's ideas on hair continued to be full of surprises. For instance, he described four kinds of pin curls in hair setting—to be used whether the hair is straight or curly. The kind of pin curl you use depends on the style you are after.

(Continued on page 62)



Here is your own department in the magazine. Send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 78 for details

AUTUMN FIRECRACKER First Poetry Award

The fuse is lit in September.
The flame eats slowly along the string of days,
Lighting a tree here, a bush there.
Outlines of the scarlet flame
Appear around tall maples
And its offshoots creep down side streets.
Then... October!
Overnight the flame hits the powder
And the whole world goes up in a blaze of glory.
Every tree is lit,
And sparks from them drift down
To brighten the darkest alleys.
Autumn is here again.

BARBARA COLLINS (age 13) Malden, Massachusetts

TELLING THE FAMILY First Fiction Award

The door banged behind Ann as she rushed into the house.

"Mother, Mother," she called, heading for the kitchen. "Guess what... Don..."
"Please, Ann, don't bother me now. I have to finish dinner." Ann's mother turned from the stove. "Just run along, dear. I need lots of room. The Parkers are coming over at—now, where did she go?"

Ann was standing before her father. "Dad, you just can't guess—the most wonderful thing—"

"Ann, for heaven's sake, can't you see I'm listening to the news? Now run along, dear," he said impatiently.

She turned away in time to run into her little sister.

"For Pete's sake, Ann, watch where you're going!"

FIRST ART AWARD: MARILYN BOOS (age 13) San Jose, California



TALES FROM THE VIENNA WOODS First Nonfiction Award

Sprawled across my bed, I had been reading a history of Vienna. I had hardly moved, and suddenly I realized how numb my body had become. I dropped the book and relaxed for a minute; by some strange coincidence, my phonograph was playing Strauss's lovely waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods." I listened to the smooth, liquid flow of sound, my mind wandering.

Suddenly I was walking along a wooded hill. Before me, the expanse of thick rich green looked like a sea of emerald feathers, tied round with the glittering silver of the river—the Danube, I imagined. In the distance, the tall spire of Votive Church speared the sky, a giant jeweled hatpin on end—Vienna, of course!

I continued slowly, but it seemed more as if the trees were walking past me than the reverse; presently, in a small glade I beheld a hunting party of noblemen and their ladies. The muscles of the well-groomed horses moved in gleaming ripples of dark auburn, ebony, and snow-white. One of the ladies wore a gown of soft claret velvet; another, one of light-green silk trimmed with delicate white fur; jewels flashed with sudden fire in the bright sun. The men were no less richly attired; the whole scene might have been a rare tapestry if it were not moving. As they passed, the tinkle of gold bells on splendid bridles, the gentle, dulcet voices of women, and the deeper tones of the men passed also; but there lingered in the glade a whiff of rare perfumes.

Once more I found the woods moving, and this time I suddenly came upon a steep hill with a peaceful valley spread out far below me. I lay down, watching a festival in the village: the dancers were rapidly moving, bright-plumed birds in their peasant costumes; around them were holiday throngs, (Continued on page 72)

"Guess what, Meg! Don—" "I'm supposed to meet Diane at the show and I'm late already. 'By, everybody!"

Well, there was always Sue. Ann dialed Sue's number slowly, already planning what she would say. Then came Sue's voice, "Hello?"

"Sue, this is Ann. Guess what finally happened? Don asked me for a date! I'm thrilled! Well, I was in the Sugar Bowl and..."

Ann's mother, setting the table, stopped as the conversation continued. Her father, the news forgotten, exchanged glances with his wife.

"He said... and then I said... oh, I'm going to have more fun!"

"Just listen to that! Now why doesn't she ever tell us anything? She always tells Sue or some other girl friend, but we never hear a thing about it. I can't understand her at all!" grumbled two very puzzled parents.

MARY NORTHCUTT (age 16) Paragould, Arkansas

PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD BETTYE JEAN WARD (age 13) Cumby, Texas



THE AMERICAN GIRL

"What do doctors know about the human heart?" Nash snapped

PART THREE

AT THE FOOT of the crude stairs leading down to the water's edge she found the flat-bottomed, unwieldy rowboat that Grandma kept there for the tourists' children.

Rhoda tossed the books into the prow and then pushed against the boat with all her strength. Perspiration moistened her forehead as she succeeded in moving the scow a few inches, its keel grating the sand. A final, despairing shove and the scow lurched into the shallow water. She leaped into the boat and was standing, pushing her weight against an oar in an effort to force the boat to a depth where she could begin to row, when she heard someone yell.

"Wait for me!" Nicky Plum came bounding down the cliff stairs. "Good old Dubbins called and said no work until three this afternoon. Hitchhiked out here and—hey! Where do you think you're going on that raft, and right in the teeth of a storm!"

Rhoda glanced indifferently at the sky where the clouds had thickened until they resembled black, twisting coils of rope. "Push, please! I'm stuck!"

With Rhoda pushing against the oar and Nicky pushing against the stern, they moved the boat into deeper water. Then Nicky climbed in and took her place at one of the oars.

It took them fully a half-hour to cover the wide strip of water between Idlewild and Half Moon. In the lee of the island the water was suddenly still and leaden. They beached the boat and started up the slope to the house.

The canvas bag hung heavily on Rhoda's arm, the handle cutting into her flesh. She scarcely heard Nicky's chatter as they climbed the stairs and came within sight of the house itself—gaunt, gray, forbidding. Rhoda drew back inwardly as if the air held a chill. But the rising wind whipped against her, so that she felt blown toward the doorway.

When the door finally swung open in response to her repeated knocking, Rhoda found herself staring into the cool blue eyes of a woman whom she knew could be no other than Billie Nash. The woman looked at Rhoda questioningly, arching her eyebrows.

Billie Nash's hair, bleached almost white, was worn upswept from her slender neck. She wore a pale-pink blouse; her taupe gabardine slacks, belted with wide cerise leather, were perfectly pressed and fitted her smooth hips like skin. She had a wide, full mouth that tugged downward at the corners in an expression that was half melancholy, half petulant.

"I'm Rhoda Brown, and this is Nicky Plum," Rhoda said bluntly. "We—that is, I have a number of books I'd like to have Mr. Nash autograph, if he will."

"Oh," Billie said. "Well, come in. He's busy, but—"

In the living room she said, gesturing absently, "Won't you sit down? I'll see—" She left the room.

Nervously Rhoda moved toward the window. There was nothing in this room that belonged to the Nashes. The old, worn furniture, the

Remembered Island

by BARBI ARDEN

Illustration by John Ferrie

THE STORY SO FAR: For many summers, Rhoda Brown, Nicky Plum, Ken Lee, and Peter Strasser had had good times together at Lake Indigo. After two years, Rhoda still cannot speak easily of the death of Ken Lee in Korea. Ostensibly she has returned to Indigo to help her grandmother's housekeeper, Miss Mayhew, put the house in order for renting, but her secret reason for the trip is a burning desire to prove that the best seller "Indigo Afternoons" by Will Nash is really the work of Ken Lee. After Mrs. Lee's death, Jesse, Ken's father, has rented his house on Half Moon Island to Will Nash and his wife. As a means of making Nash's acquaintance, Rhoda has brought seven copies of "Indigo Afternoons" to be autographed. She confides her suspicions to Peter but he makes light of them, though promising to reread the book carefully. When Will Nash sends word that he is too busy to see Rhoda, she determines to row over to Half Moon anyway.





very curtains at the windows, had been Mrs. Lee's. She had not expected to be reminded so vividly and painfully of Ken. She clasped her trembling hands together and looked toward the lake. Beyond the breakwater the waves were beginning to wear caps of foam. Toward the horizon lightning ripped the sky and a low moan of thunder traveled across the heavy silence. Another sound caused her to turn back to the room.

A tall, thin man in the doorway nodded and came forward. "I'm Nash," he said unnecessarily. "My wife tells me you have some books to be autographed."

His shirt hung, ill-fitting, from his broad shoulders. His once-white duck trousers, tightly belted, hung loosely from incredibly slim hips. A muscle in his jaw twitched spasmodically as he picked up the books Rhoda held toward him.

He sat down, propping the books on his knees, and began signing his name. She noticed that his hand was unsteady and that he gripped the pen with unnecessary force. A blot appeared on the page, the pen leaking ink, and for an instant she thought that Nash would hurl the pen against the wall. She watched while he obviously struggled for control. Suddenly he turned and called over his shoulder, "Bill—bring me a drink, will you?"

When Billie appeared with a bottle and a glass there was no offer of anything more likely to appeal to the girls. She handed the drink to Will indifferently. "My husband is a connoisseur of bottled beverages," she said, smiling archly at the girls.

"As becomes a gentleman and a scholar," Nash said with the ghost of a smile. He handed the last of the books to Rhoda, then picked up the glass and gazed at it with satisfaction. He reached for the case of cigarettes his wife had left lying on the chair arm. Billie stepped over to him and laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Remember what the doctor said, Will."

"What do doctors know about the human heart?" Nash snapped.

"I know I'd rather not sit up all night—as I did just last week—when you have one of your attacks!"

"Don't worry—my life insurance is paid up."

Rhoda felt intensely embarrassed. Billie had the grace to turn and walk away, silent, a look of martyrdom on her face.

Nicky said, nervously, "We'd better be going."

Oh, no! Rhoda groaned inwardly, not yet, not when I haven't had a chance to find out anything I came to find out! "Mr. Nash, a friend of ours, Ken Lee, who used to live here, was in Korea. He—was killed. Did you, by any chance, run into him over there?"

He did not hesitate. His black eyes met hers boldly. "Why, yes, I met young Lee—in a base hospital in Korea." He stared into the contents of his glass. "I had an assignment for the paper to interview the boys there. The reason I remember him so well is that we got to talking about writing and he showed me what he had done."

Rhoda was amazed. Surely if the man actually admitted that he had seen something Ken had written, it was impossible that he had stolen it! His candor was disarming.

"Was—was it a book?" she asked.

"Yes."

"What was it about?" *Was it about Lake Indigo—the long, long afternoons in spring, in summer, fall and winter, on lovely Lake Indigo?*

His forehead wrinkled as if he were concentrating. "It was mostly about the war. A young soldier's impressions of Korea. But it showed a pretty good understanding of military maneuvers and the mechanics of warfare."

(Continued on page 44)

by DOROTHY DILL MASON

Drawing by Joel Cohen



**Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest of them all?**

THAT'S A TOUGH QUESTION, isn't it? But before you glance in your own mirror with pride or despair, consider this. The statuesque beauty, with features chiseled out of stone and a skin no laugh wrinkle dares to mar, isn't always the life of the party.

It's a wise girl who realizes that prettiness is only one road, and a most uncertain one, to the goal all of us desire—popularity, which in its deepest sense means friendships. There are many other roads which are far more permanent. Sometimes the "construction work" takes a bit of time and trouble, but once the road is finished, the way is never lost.

Here are some girls about whom you've heard people say:

**SHE ISN'T PRETTY, BUT—
SHE HAS A FINE SENSE OF HUMOR**

Katie was far from pretty. Her nose was too big and spotted with freckles. But Katie's was the first name on any party, dance, or picnic list. She could always be counted on to supply the "yeast," keep things light and gay. No party ever bogged down when she was there. The petty annoyances which can plague any gathering she managed to turn into laughs. Even the fussiest friend could make light of sand on her wiener bun when Katie called it "picnic seasoning."

Her date knew he could count on Katie's understanding if his dad was using the car and they had to hoof it. No sulking or request for "taxi, please" from that gal! When Katie's hair is gray and her figure has doubled, she'll still have more friends than she can count, and far more joys than troubles.

SHE'S SUCH GOOD COMPANY

Sally found out that being good company boiled down to just one thing—being a good listener. Anyone, male or female, young or old, enjoys talking about himself. And Sally let the other person talk. As a result, the time people spent with her always stood out in their minds as delightful, and they thought of Sally with affection. She was a plain little thing with mouse-colored hair. Yet when her eyes shone with interest and eager questions came to her lips, she looked amazingly attractive.

Over a period of years a good listener picks up a lot of information. Sally heard all about bee-keeping from old Mr. Blaine, and all about model-plane building from her brother's best friend. Mrs. Tucker gave her a secret family recipe for the most wonderful chocolate cake!

Before long, Sally was very well informed indeed, and in turn that made her interesting to others when she chose to

She Isn't Pretty but...

speak instead of listen. Sally hopes to be a newspaper woman when she grows up. Her interest in everyone she meets, and her ability to ask intelligent questions will undoubtedly make her a good one.

SHE MAKES THE MOST OF HERSELF

Theresa was tall and lanky. Her face was too thin, and her ears stuck out. Her best friend, Elsa, was short and inclined to plumpness. Her face was round, and she had scarcely any neck at all. At first everyone called them Mutt and Jeff. People laughed when they said it, but the nickname hurt, just the same. The girls talked it over one day and decided on a plan. First, they both took sewing courses in school, so they could tailor their clothes to their figure problems. Then they studied fashion magazines, beauty hints, and charm-school suggestions. Each girl discovered what her limitations were—what she should wear and what she shouldn't be caught outdoors in!

They discovered that good grooming is as essential to attractiveness as ham is to eggs. An exquisitely clean, shining head of hair, they learned, will make folks exclaim, "What beautiful hair!" regardless of its color or texture. Clean fingernails, they found, are more important than the color of the polish on them, and too much make-up will make the average observer want to run for a scrub brush. They learned, too, that good posture will make a short person appear taller, and a tall one seem just right.

They learned that everyone has a few good features to compensate for the bad ones. Theresa had lovely violet eyes, Elsa had a peaches-and-cream complexion. They helped each other pick the colors that emphasized these good points. Afterward they couldn't remember when their friends stopped calling them Mutt and Jeff. It was probably before Theresa was picked for the lead in the class play. Perhaps it was about the time Elsa gave up drinking the milk shakes she loved so much!

SHE'S DEPENDABLE

This may sound like an "also ran" compliment, but Karen found that it paid off to be a woman of her word. Her girl friends appreciated the fact that she would do what she said she (Continued on page 61)

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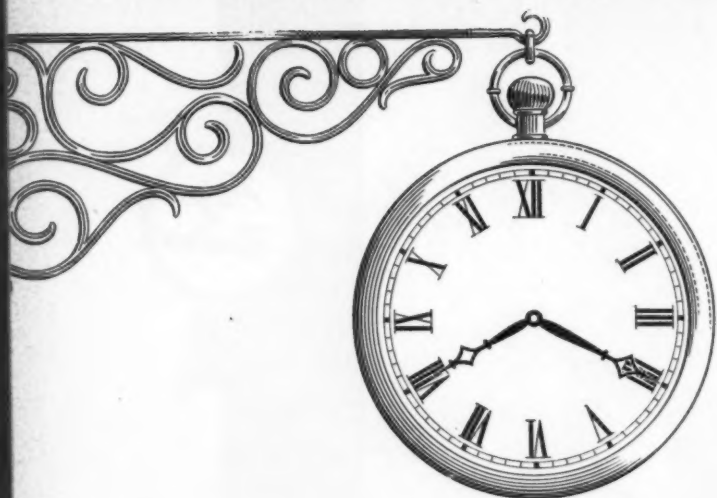
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Prize
Purchase

PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH M. BAXTER
BAG BY MIGHTY MIDGET
HAT BY BETMAR; GLOVES BY HANSEN
SHOES BY ACCENT DIVISION,
INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO.

*For a smart entrance anywhere, Scher & Feldman's luxurious Ancuna
Fleece coat. Raglan sleeves, precisely cut; slash pockets,
slim and barely discernible; the collar, underscored to point up
shirt-tab; Temp-Resisto lining. Gray, navy, or copper;
8-14 subteen, about \$45; 10-16 teen, about \$50. Stores on page 76*



Round-the



When first impressions count—glen of michigan's two-piece Reeves' Chrom-spun check; corduroy accents in collar and cuffed pockets. Gray with red or blue with blue; 8-14 subteen. About \$15



A see-worthy pair: pea jacket with stitched revers and cuffs (the plaid lining, first mate to the pleated skirt); navy, red, green, or gray wool chinchilla; about \$20. Orlon-and-wool skirt; about \$8. by Worcester; 8-14 subteen or 10-16 teen

All in a day's wear—separates that get together with a single purpose: To keep you at your prettiest from sunup to moon glow. Please turn to page 76 for stores

eClock Separates

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER

DRAWING BY HENRY SCHRODER

JEWELRY BY BEN BERCHMAN

Just as pretty as you please in Miss Ilene's two-piece cotton charmer. Dark background, technicolor print, and yellow accents in belt and skirt lining. Quilted skirt, about \$11. Sissy shirt with ruffled collar and cuffs, about \$6; 8-14 subteen.

For the bewitching hours, Smarteens' white Dacron-batiste blouse with glitter-dusted collar; 10-16 teen, about \$6. The skirt by Jaymee in washable Chromspun taffeta (you'll purr at the cat's-whisker bows); navy, wine, or peacock; sizes 8-14 subteen. About \$8.



Relax in Thermo Jacs by Grove. Matador pants with hug-tight legs; navy, red, teal, gold, or green; 10-16 teen, about \$5. Red MacBean-plaid "Shirt-Jac" for in and outdoor wear; 9-15 for teens, about \$7; both poplin.

To Top It All

*Fashion paints a pretty winter scene —
Four of the newest coats that make the
rounds in beauty and lightweight warmth.
Please turn to page 76 for store listings*



Guaranteed to hold your interest all winter.
Marlee's go-everywhere raglan coat softly
styled in Chatham Puff Fleece; stitching on
back yoke travels frontward, takes slash pockets
in its stride; Temp-Resisto with wool inter-
lining. Blue, red, tan; 8-14 subteens, about \$35



A short, short story by Peggy 'n' Sue.
This pert jigger-jacket takes its cue from
the shirtwaist: shirt-slit sides, tailored
collar, zippered fly-front; shirred
yoke, back and front. Gray, beige, or pink
wool-and-mohair; 8-14 subteen. About \$20

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH M. BAXTER
 BAGS BY PYRAMID; HATS BY BETMAR; GLOVES BY HANSEN
 SHOES BY ACCENT DIVISION, INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO.

A preview of a winter compliment, by Glass
 Coat. Full length and adaptable to any
 undercover story; stitching on back and
 cuffs; interlined with Dacron insulation by
 Earl-Glo; navy, red, gray, or beige Duchess
 Chinchilla; 10-14 subteen. About \$45



THE AMERICAN GIRL



The tweedy look sets the scene in the
 balmacaan manner. Raglan sleeves with ad-
 justable cuff-straps, slash pockets, snug-
 fitting round collar; brown or gray Craven-
 etted Nottingham wool, Temp-Resisto lining;
 8-14 subteen, by Brand & Puritz. About \$25

For Baby Sitters Only!

Preparation



Here's a way to earn while learning useful things
—but first, check over these do's and don't's!

DO

Ask your teacher, local Safety Council, or Girl Scout leader about courses in baby care. Read books on baby-sitting and child care. Talk over with parents your fee, your hours, and any extra work, such as dishwashing, expected of you. Get the child's schedule for play, meals, bedtime. Ask whatever you need to know about stove, bath, location of first-aid supplies.

DON'T

Don't be a baby sitter if children bore or annoy you. Don't think of a sitter's job as a cinch, with nothing to do but finish your homework, watch a TV play, or have fun with one of your friends who calls.

Safety of Child



DO

Have handy for any emergency telephone numbers for: child's parents or a relative, family doctor, police and fire station—also the address where you are. (You might give your home address in a moment of excitement!) If you bathe the child, place a rubber mat or bath towel in the tub to prevent his slipping. When he is in bed, look in to see he is covered, is not in danger of falling out, or of smothering. If he is running around, be on the alert to see that he doesn't trip on the stairs, explore the medicine chest, come in contact with light sockets or cords, or anything else that might injure him.

DON'T

Don't get so absorbed in your book, records, or TV show that you forget all about your small charge for a long period. Don't pop out for five minutes to buy a magazine or a soda—a lot can happen to a child in that time! Don't forget that you have accepted responsibility for a small child's safety and well-being, and that you must measure up to the trust. Don't do baby-sitting if you have a cold or are not feeling well. Don't agree to care for a sick child, and never accept the responsibility for giving medicine.

Safety of Sitter



DO

Accept baby-sitting jobs only for families known to you or your friends. If you work through a baby-sitting bureau, be sure the home to which it sends you has been investigated. "Blind dates" for baby-sitting are out! Neighborhood jobs are best. If the one you do accept is some distance from your home, and you are to stay late, arrange in advance to be driven or accompanied home. Find out from parents if any callers or deliveries are expected during their absence. Get the names down on paper—and open only to them. On the job, insure your own safety and comfort by wearing plain, washable clothes.

DON'T

Don't admit strangers to house or apartment while you are alone. Before opening the door, ask who's there—then check that the name is one you have down. Don't be frightened by "queer noises" in the house: get them charted in advance—refrigerator? heater? anything else? Don't be frightened by family pets: if the dog is friendly, make his acquaintance while the parents are still there; if he's unfriendly, get them to tie him up safely.

Child and Sitter



DO

Show the child real affection, but be firm about the things you want him to do. A small child is easy to manage if you give him only positive suggestions. Tell him what you'd like him to do rather than what he mustn't do! Above all, keep an even temper, be cheerful, and ready to praise.

DON'T

Don't try to discipline your charge by scolding, threatening to tell his parents, or punishing him by taking his toys away. The ill-humored or negative approach arouses resistance, doesn't work!

Sitter Etiquette



DO

Arrive on time—parents like an evening out without flurry. Better bring along a sandwich. Indulge in snacks only if invited; even then, go easy—cookies and a drink, perhaps. Ask if you may use TV, radio, or records—and replace records properly. Also, ask if you wish to have a girl friend over.

DON'T

Don't entertain the boy friend on your baby-sitting job: remember it is a job! Don't have a snack and leave dirty dishes. Don't gobble the remainder of the layer cake—it may be for tomorrow. Be ready to leave—with books, purse, and belongings assembled—when the parents arrive home. They'll appreciate it!

Puddings for Dessert

Courtesy General Foods



Colorful gelatin and coconut-cream pudding make a festive dessert. The recipe is given in this issue

by JUDITH MILLER

A PUDDING may be the happy ending to a family meal, or it may be the glorious finale to a successful party. It may be as old-fashioned as a grandfather's clock or as new-fashioned as color television. A pudding (such as an old-fashioned steamed pudding) may take time to make; one made from a modern mix can be turned out in minutes.

The large number of recipes sent in for this Recipe Exchange are "proof" that puddings are popular, versatile desserts with many possibilities. Before we get to specific recipes, here are some ideas for serving your usual puddings in unusual ways.

Cream Puddings

These are sometimes called cornstarch puddings. Make a vanilla cream pudding by your own recipe or with a packaged mix. Chill. Beat until smooth. Then serve in one of these ways:

1. Spoon into tall glasses, layering with canned crushed pineapple which you have tinted green with vegetable coloring and flavored delicately with peppermint extract. Top with a green maraschino cherry. (You will find it fun, too, to work out your own fruit and flavor combinations for this simple but pretty pudding.)

2. Spoon into sherbet glasses. Pour chocolate sauce over and around pudding. Garnish with crushed peanut brittle or coconut.

Cake-Type Puddings

1. Make a yellow or white cake by your own recipe or with a cake mix. Bake in a well-greased tube pan or large ring mold.

Cool slightly before removing from pan (if you use a mix, follow package directions). Serve when barely cool, filling center with chocolate whipped cream. To make this, whip 1 cup cream until it begins to thicken. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned chocolate syrup. Then beat until thick enough to mound.

Or, mix fruit, sugar, and seasonings as for a fruit cobbler and put the mixture into a greased $1\frac{1}{2}$ -quart casserole. Make a white-cake mix according to package directions. (Or use your own recipe.) Pour over fruit. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 1 hour, or until done.

Tapioca Puddings

Prepare vanilla tapioca pudding by your own recipe, or use a mix. When cold:

1. Arrange alternate layers of pudding and lemon sauce in tall dessert glasses. Top with toasted coconut.

2. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed peppermint candy. Serve plain or with chocolate sauce.

3. Serve buffet style. Place a bowl of pudding on a large platter. Around the bowl arrange mounds of canned Bing cherries, slices of banana, chunks of barely thawed frozen pineapple. Decorate with mint leaves. Each person serves himself, choosing the fruit or fruits he wishes. Here again, you can use your own imagination and ingenuity in choosing and arranging other fruit toppings.

Sauces

A sauce that adds flavor and color makes the simplest pudding an extra-special dessert. These two require little cooking.

An easy version of lemon sauce is made in

a jiffy with a package of prepared lemon pudding and pie-filling mix. The sauce has a mild lemon flavor and is especially good with fruit pudding like apple betty or the rhubarb crunch for which the recipe is given in this issue.

EASY LEMON SAUCE

1 pkg. lemon pudding	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
and pie-filling mix	3 cups water
	2 egg yolks

Combine pudding, sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the water in saucepan. Add egg yolks and blend well. Add remaining water. Cook and stir until mixture comes to a full boil and is thickened (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat. Cool, stirring occasionally. Serve warm or cold over fruit puddings, or warm cottage pudding. Makes $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups sauce.

Jean Av of Glen Cove, New York, sends this quick-and-easy recipe for a sauce which she says is very good over warm cottage pudding. Try it the next time cottage pudding is scheduled for your family.

CARAMEL SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound caramels	1 tablespoon butter or
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water	margarine

Place caramels in top of double boiler. Add water and butter. Place over hot water and cook, stirring frequently, until caramels are melted and sauce is smooth. Serve warm over warm cottage pudding. If you add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts to this sauce, it makes a delicious topping for vanilla ice cream.

Now for some recipes. We will give you first one of our own favorite puddings, as delicious as it is (Continued on page 56)

PELL-MELL, FASTER AND FASTER, Birdie Pinto tore down the slope of the hillside. Soft, powdery topsoil spurted up between her dusty, brown toes that seemed scarcely to touch the ground.

Far below in Kingston Harbor the sun was sinking and the Caribbean Sea lay blue as a plate. Birdie glanced at the tumbling red clouds on the horizon. No time for her to watch the clouds now... she had to get back to Grumma's before dark. There was the supper to get and the bush-bath to prepare for Grumma who declared that the quakko bush and the wild balsam did her rheumatics a power of good. Only after that would Birdie be free to press the small-small purple flowers she had just found.

She had heard Lucildah Mais boasting about her Girl Guide troop's collection of flowers. It seemed Lady Young, one of the Kingston Girl Guide Commissioners, had offered a prize for the best collection of pressed wild flowers. Bet the Girl Guides didn't have as grand a selection as *she* had.

Far below her Birdie could hear singing. She peered over the edge of the slope. Ah! there were the Girl Guides now, coming back from their hike, their white uniforms distinguishable a long way off. If only she could wear a uniform, be enrolled as a Girl Guide, and take part in the great rally to honor the Chief Guide in all the world, Lady Baden-Powell, who was about to visit Jamaica, British West Indies, how happy, happy, happy she would be! But Grumma couldn't afford even a belt and a tie, much less the lovely white uniform. It would take most of Mooma's pay for two weeks as office-maid in Kingston to get her a full uniform, and there seemed to be no way Birdie could earn any money herself up there in the mountains where everybody was so poor.

Her thoughts were interrupted by her brother, Dilbert, who popped up from behind a big clump of bushes and dropped his heavy bundle of sticks at her feet. Like Birdie, he was thin and brown, with a merry laughing face and bright eyes. His blue shirt was patched and his khaki shorts were held up around his waist with string.

"Did you see the Girl Guides, Dilbert?" Birdie asked.

"Did me see the Girl Guides?" he scoffed. "Goin' round 'Poor Man Corner' they nearly knocked me down. Silly, galumpin', shriekin' gals, always runnin' about collectin' flowers and bush."

"They have a lovely time though, and me wish me was one," Birdie said wistfully.

"Make haste, gal, me hungry," Dilbert shouldered the wood again and led the way home at a smart pace.

Grumma's cottage at Content Gap was perched against the side of a hill. There was no gate, just a narrow footpath from the road. Grumma was sitting in the doorway.

"Birdie," she quavered in her thin old voice, "some Girl Guides was here: seems like they want you to help them find a small-small purple flower fe their collection."

"Girls!" Dilbert's high-pitched voice was that of Miss Yates—the leader of the troop, or Guider as she is called in Jamaica—addressing the troop. "This is little Birdie Pinto. She's come to be unrolled as a Girl Guide."

Birdie was annoyed. "It's enrolled you mean. What do you know about it anyway?"

"All right... all right, enrolled. Come on, girls," he said to his make-believe troop, "Form the horseshoe... march... left, right!"

"Dilbert, how you know all that?"

"Same way you do, Miss Birdie. Me hide up in de ole mango tree where dem have their meetings... me saw you dere last week hidin' in the bushes." Suddenly he remembered his hunger. "Come on, Birdie," he coaxed, "cook me supper, do."

Birdie lighted the fire and dropped some sweet potatoes in the pot to boil along with the red beans and a small bit of salt pork. Then she set water to heat for Grumma's bush-bath.

When the water was hot, Dilbert poured it into the wooden tub, straining off the coarse leaves of the quakko bush and wild balsam. After that they had supper. Before she tumbled wearily into bed, Birdie squatted on the floor to press her purple flowers.

Next day at school Lucildah showed Birdie the drawing of the flower the troop needed to complete their list. Birdie grabbed the bit of paper.

"Why, don't you know that's de 'Shame Lady'? Real name is de Sensitive plant, cos when you touch it de leaves close up. Me find some only yesterday! Me show you where they grow."

That afternoon they picked the tiny flowers and carried them carefully to show the troop Guider.

"Why don't you join the troop, Birdie?"

asked Miss Yates after she had exclaimed over the flowers.

Tongue-tied, Birdie hung her head and wiggled her toes in the dust.

"There must be some way you could work for your uniform," went on the Guider. "We will talk it over tomorrow after school."

Bursting with joy Birdie skimmed the short distance home.

"Grumma... Grumma... me gwine work fe me uniform an' be a Girl Guide. Me so happy me hope me don't die before tomorrow."

Miss Yates showed Birdie how to plait dried watsonia lily leaves into table mats and helped her find customers for them. From then on, whenever Birdie had a spare minute she had a bit of plaiting in her hand. At last the great day came when she reported on her savings to Miss Yates and was told she had enough and to bring her money next day to the Guider, who would send to Kingston for the material.

Birdie's feet just skimmed the ground on her way home.

"Grumma," she called as she burst in at the cottage door. "Me takin' the money to Miss Yates. She sending for my material."

But Grumma didn't seem interested. She

Uniform for Birdie

by DOROTHY CUNDALL

Illustration by John Kuller



was holding an open letter in her hand and talking to a very glum Dilbert.

"What happen?" asked Birdie, nodding at the note.

"Your Mooma send for Dilbert. She get a job fe him."

"But me can't take it." Dilbert was scowling. "Me don't got no shoes. And Mooma says 'no shoes, no job.'"

Birdie saw Grumma's dim old eyes fall on her worn little change purse. When she noticed Dilbert also gazing at it, she grabbed it up.

"Me uniform money," she moaned.

"Chile, you could lend Dilbert..." Grumma began.

Birdie sank down in the doorway. "Me can't lend him the money, me can't. If me don't get de uniform me can't be a Girl Guide and take part in the March Past in honor of the Chief Guide."

"But you wouldn't let your brother lose a chance for a job, Birdie?"

Birdie wiped away two large tears which had rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, Grumma, it's work me work fe the money!"

Somehow she dragged herself over to Dilbert and dropped the money into his lap. The coins clinked as they fell.

Birdie of Jamaica wanted nothing so much as to be a Girl Guide in uniform

She dared not say a word for fear she would cry.

Dilbert seized the money and jumped up to hug his sister affectionately.

"You're a real Girl Guide, Sis. Me won't tease you again ever, perhaps." And he winked at her. "Me will send you me first week's pay."

Wordlessly, Birdie turned away. Her money was gone! Dilbert would get his job, but she would have no uniform for the enrollment and she would not be able to take part in the March Past.

Resolutely, next day, Birdie set to work again to make mats. The week slipped by and the day of Enrollment came, but she had no uniform. In Jamaica a girl must be in uniform to be enrolled as a Girl Guide. Birdie went to the meeting and gazed enviously at the new white uniforms of the six girls who were to be enrolled by Lady Young, the Commissioner.

Miss Yates had not yet arrived. After a few minutes she came in out of breath, said something to the Commissioner, called Birdie to her and, slipping a uniform over her head, began quickly to pin it up in places to fit Birdie. What a lovely Guider to think of lending her a uniform. Birdie was transformed with joy. Now she too could be enrolled.

The borrowed uniform had to be returned. A few days before the Rally, Birdie still did not have quite enough money for her uniform; she was in despair. When she had about given up all hope, a letter arrived from Dilbert enclosing some money from his first pay. Birdie rushed to Miss Yates. The Guider sent for the material and made the dress herself. Birdie was the happiest girl in Jamaica.

On the morning of the Rally she woke with the delicious tingling feeling that something nice was about to happen. Then she heard Grumma groaning.

"Grumma... Grumma, you sick?"

"Me can't hardly move, chile," the old woman moaned, "run pick some vines fe a bush-bath and ask Cousin Tilly fe come help me so you can go to Kingston."

Birdie flew down the road. Cousin Tilly was cooking breakfast for her six small children. She could not come at once but she promised to look in on Grumma later on. Birdie knew she would have to give the bush-bath herself. She dashed up the hillside and quickly gathered the quakko leaves, still heavy with dew. Oh, dear, this was going to make her very late. Perhaps she'd miss the Rally.

After the hot bath Grumma was much better. Relieved, Birdie slipped on the lovely new uniform, seized the paper bag which contained two busters: flat, hard cakes of cheap gingerbread, and tore down the path to Content Gap. If only the truck with the others hadn't gone.

But at the corner where the truck should have been lay only the long, white, dusty empty road. Well, there was the short cut to Gordon Town, and resolutely she set herself to take that. One hot, plodding hour went by, and another. The sun was high when she reached Garden Lawn and she was very tired. She'd rest for a minute and have one of the busters. A Crispy-Crust Bread van came clodping down the road. Birdie let out a yelp and the driver stopped.

"What time is it, please?"

"Must be all of one o'clock."

"One o'clock?" Birdie burst into tears. She couldn't help it. She could never reach the Rally in an hour's time.

"Hi! hi!" the driver chided, "mustn't do that. Jump up now beside me and I'll give you a lift. Where you gwine? Oh, Sabina Park? Well, Matildah's Corner is as far as I go, but it'll help."

Birdie settled herself beside him with a sigh of relief. The old mule clip-clopped down the road and the van smelled deliciously, hungrily, of warm bread. In no time at all the driver set her down at Matildah's Corner.

Down the steaming Old Hope Road she hurried. The sun was hot and high above and the breeze seemed to have vanished. Oh, if only she could get another lift... she had probably missed the March Past. She only hoped she wouldn't miss the whole Rally... Stop! Wasn't that Cousin Uliss from Content Gap in his donkey cart just ahead? Yes! It was. What luck! She broke into a run.

"Well now, if it ain't our new Girl Guide, all dress up in uniform!" Cousin Uliss hailed her. He helped her up on top of his neatly piled bundles of wood, whipped up his donkey and away they went. Birdie couldn't help giggling. It was fun. But me only hope the Rally don't start yet, she thought. When Uliss drop me at Cross Roads, me will run de rest of the way.

Jig-jog... jig-jog... past the big houses with the lovely gardens, bougainvillea hedges gay with red, purple, bright pink and white flowers.

"Wish you was going further, Cousin Uliss," Birdie said at Cross Roads, "but me grateful fe true."

The last lap... down the South Camp Road to Sabina Park Birdie flew. Oh, if only the Rally hadn't started, how wonderful it would be! Oh dear, she couldn't run another step. Panting with the heat and holding her aching side, she slowed down.

She squinted at the sun... maybe it wasn't too late, maybe she'd reach Sabina in time, but she'd better walk as fast as she could the rest of the way.

Sabina Park at last! The band was playing inside and Birdie's heart beat quickly.

Could that be Dilbert standing by the entrance? But such a neat Dilbert in khaki shorts, colored shirt and good brown shoes. Those shoes that had nearly cost her the Rally.

"Hurry! Hurry!" Dilbert urged, "they're linin' up inside."

Through the gate she rushed. Hundreds of girls were there... she hadn't realized there were so many Girl Guides in Jamaica. How on earth would she find the First Content Gap troop? How lovely the "colors" looked flying out straight in the breeze. She was feasting her eyes on it all when she heard her name called and Miss Yates swooped down on her.

"Birdie Pinto! Whatever happened to you? Two minutes more and you'd have missed the March Past." She rushed Birdie over the short grass to the place where the troop, lined up in threes, was marking time.

The band struck up a march. Far down the field Birdie saw the First Jamaica troop swing out. Her heart was pounding, her hands icy, and little thrills ran up and down her spine.

Here she was, Birdie Pinto, marching in the Rally, just as she'd hoped and prayed for many weeks. She could see Lady Young standing beside a tall lovely-looking person who must be the Chief Guide of all the world. Birdie gazed proudly down at her new uniform and her whole face lit up in one big smile.

THE END
EDITORIAL NOTE:—Birdie and her family's speech is a colorful Jamaican dialect.



D. K. Miller

Fall Line-Up



Drawings by
Helene Ferguson

Each pattern 30¢

4697: Designed for sizes 11-17, this is a dress which you can wear for anything that may come up in a fall day. With wide, curved yoke, soft fullness in bodice and skirt, it can be made in a variety of materials. Size 13 requires 5 yards 39" fabric

9024: A crisp blouse and a smooth-fitting jumper in wrinkle-resistant, washable Dan River rayon check are an unbeatable team for class or cheering section. Easy to make, too. Sizes 11-17. Jumper, in size 13, needs 2 yards 54" fabric; blouse, 1½ yards 35"

9134: This weskit and skirt, sketched in Reeves pin-wale corduroy over a high crew-neck sweater, are smart and practical. Weskit has nipped-in, slim waist; skirt has deep kick pleats. Sizes 10-18. For the two pieces, in any size, you will need 2 yards 54" material

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. There is a clipout order blank on page 71

9122: A demure eye-catcher, so simple to make that you can have several versions. There are no waist seams—just cinch the middle with your nicest belt. Shown here in Burlington Southdown rayon flannel. Sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes 4¾ yards of 39" fabric

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turned toward her. It was then he had said. "It looks like you, Beverly. Little and cute and wide-eyed."

She felt her cheeks blushing again, and she wished she could think of the right thing to say. *Dick, I'll keep it always, just as though it were made of platinum and diamonds instead of plaster of Paris.*

"There," he said lightly, laying it on her palm. "A souvenir to remember tonight by."

Her fingers curled gently around the kitten. "I'll not need a souvenir to help me remember," she promised, "but I'll love it just the same."

Didn't all this show it wasn't just "another summer romance," as her mother had said? Maybe Dick was shy about calling her at home. Maybe he was waiting for her to do something, show some sign that his call would be welcome. She despised silly, giggling girls who called boys on the telephone and loitered around the drugstore, sweetshop, and football practice field hoping to attract their attention. But this was different, wasn't it?

Ann closed her history book. Her eyes were penetrating. "Bev, I don't believe you've heard or read one thing."

"Oh, I have, I have."

"Well," Ann got up. "I won't say anything more, only—think it over, Bev. Hank's a good guy. We four could really dig up a breath-taking idea. Night now." Ann ran down the stairs.

Beverly stared at the desk lamp. She would have to do something. Tomorrow. Ann would persist in her plans for the four of them. Maybe Hank would telephone and say, "How about a date for the dance, Bev?" and she would have to stall. There wasn't anything wrong with Hank; he just wasn't Dick. But she couldn't explain that to Ann. Ann would ask: "Dick who? Where is he?" Beverly would have to mumble that she hadn't seen or heard from him since August.

She knew what Ann would do then. Ann would look at her with pity and say, "Bev, there are probably hundreds of good-looking guys in Hollywood and Seattle and San Antonio, but they aren't here. Me, I prefer the flesh-and-blood edition, the guy who's on the ground, to dream stuff no matter how glamorous. Of course, if you'd rather have some guy in the movies—" She'd shrug and the shrug would be very explanatory. The inference would be plain.

Beverly stacked her textbooks neatly. She couldn't wait any longer. Tomorrow she must take the first step. Tomorrow she would throttle her pride and call.

All through classes she could think of nothing but the call. She flunked her history quiz because she was so preoccupied, composing the sentences she would say to Dick.

When she sat down at the telephone in the quiet house, the palms of her hands were moist and a pulse pounded in her throat. One couldn't ask for a better time. Her father wasn't there to make remarks about never being able to use the telephone. Her mother wasn't there to raise eyebrows and say, "Beverly! You aren't calling the boy!"

She had planned her conversation carefully, even jotting down bright snatches that she might use. Casual things. There mustn't be any anxiety in her voice, any strain. Something like: "What do you know? I was hunting through my trinket box and what do you suppose I found? The kitten charm. Remember? For a minute I couldn't place it, and

then I thought: Oh, sure. Dick. Wonder what he's doing? So, I thought, what better way to find out? I've been simply snowed under; how about you?"

And then, if he asked her for a date, to say with a hint of questioning in her voice: "Thursday? Dick, I don't know... There're so many things on, but—oh, well, I'll sandwich it in somehow."

Maybe she ought to try her voice, or send out a few experimental "Hello's." Too quavery. She practiced what was intended to be a tinkling laugh. The slamming of a car door brought her nervously to her feet. It was only a neighbor; but she ought to waste no more time, for her mother might come in at any moment.

She slid her finger down the columns of T's. There were a lot of them. There it was: *Richard, Sr. 1504 Woodward Drive.* She swallowed hard and dialed.

There was the insistent *Rrrr*, the pause, the *Rrrr* again. She could picture Dick galloping down the stairs, perhaps hoping it would be she. Or she could picture him, languidly lifting the receiver, drawling "Hello?" his eyes widening and brightening as he recognized her voice. "Beverly!" she could hear him say. "Beverly, it's wonderful to hear your voice."

"Hello?" blared a strange male voice. "Hello? Hello?"

Dick's father! It must be. "Hello?" she quavered.

"Hello, hello! You there?"

"Is... is... I..." She could picture him from the hugeness of his voice, and the effect was overwhelming. "I... I guess I have the wrong number," she finished breathlessly, and hung up. She sat there, shamed, trembling.

It was too dangerous to call again. Dick's father might still be there. Perhaps he was there every day. She hadn't the faintest idea what work he did. Maybe—awful thought—maybe he didn't work at all but just sat at home and clipped coupons or whatever millionaires did. She would have to try another way.

All next day she avoided Ann. The minute the last bell rang she rushed from the building. She didn't want Ann along today. She hurried along Ellender Avenue. She never went home this way—it was blocks farther—but Burton Prep faced on Ellender. Burton never dismissed classes until four, and if she hurried she might see him.

She saw the first wave of boys spill down the steps while she was still a block away, and she walked faster. She was nearly panting now, both with haste and the thought of the impending meeting. She hoped to meet him casually on the street.

"Well, hello there!" she would say. "Imagine meeting you here."

That sounded all right, as though she hadn't expected to meet him, and the fact that she would be apt to run into him near his school had never registered with her at all.

Boys were streaming in all directions. Groups of four and five were passing her. She scanned them carefully while they were still some distance away. Red heads, brown curly tops, black crew cuts, even blond thatches. But no special blond thatch, no special blue eyes.

She was directly in front of the big doors now. Her steps slowed. Some of the boys stared at her, and some even smiled. A few

(Continued on page 42)



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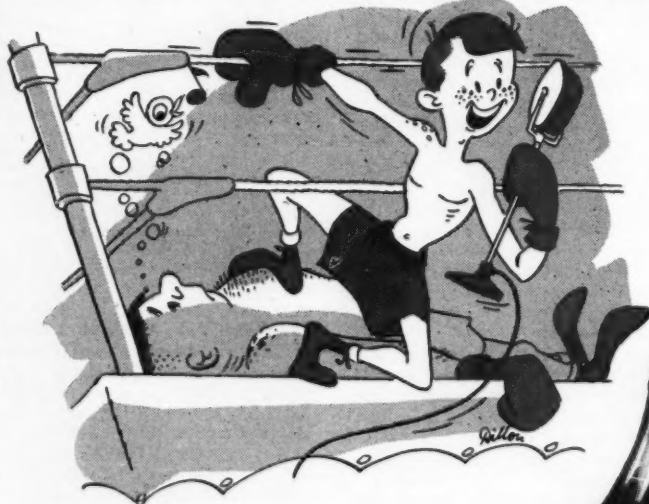
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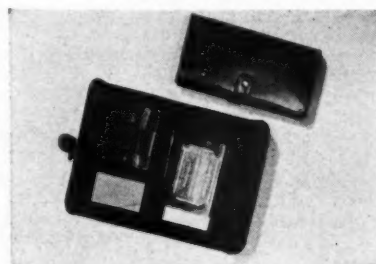
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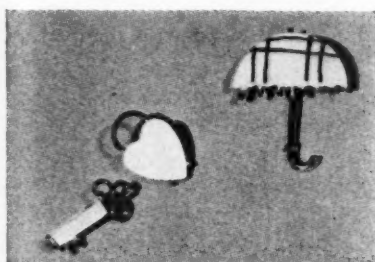


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SEPTEMBER, 1954



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Souvenir

(Continued from page 39)

brash ones whistled. Some didn't seem to see her, even though they had to step aside to let her by on the sidewalk.

Her eyes raked the opposite side of the street. If there were some place she could go—There was. A drugstore. Dick might even be in there, buying a soda or a magazine. She hurried across the street. Through the big plate-glass windows, the front of Burton Prep was visible and she could see him if he came out. She stood by the magazine rack until she was afraid it was obvious that she was waiting for someone. There were boys in the store, but no Dick. They looked at her until, face flaming, she bought a box of paper tissues that she didn't want. There was no reason for staying longer; the big doors of Burton Prep were closed, and only occasionally did they swing open to let some latecomer rush down the steps and hurry away.

Thursday she repeated the performance, except that this time she bought a bottle of blue ink, and this time more boys seemed to stare at her. She went even earlier, almost running in order to be there when the doors opened. Still there was no Dick.

Now it was Friday. This was her last chance. For Ann was coming over tonight, and Ann would bring up the masquerade again. She *had* to see Dick today.

She was panting when she came in sight of the familiar red-brick building. Her heart pounded. The boys were beginning to regard her curiously and her cheeks reddened. It was hard to saunter by the big doors and appear oblivious to everything when your eyes were darting here and there like dragonflies in midsummer.

The clerks in the drugstore exchanged glances when she came in, and the boys on the stools along the counter stopped talking and then began to smirk and wisecrack and laugh—about her, she felt humiliatingly sure—and horseplay to attract her attention.

It was ten after four now. The big doors of Burton Prep remained closed for an entire long minute, and then opened only to let some freshman in his ridiculous red skullcap scamper down the steps.

Four nineteen. She would have to go. She had missed him again. Her throat ached, as though she had picked up a germ. She pushed open the door of the drugstore.

The street was quiet. A boy lounged in the doorway of a hardware store. A man, clearly a teacher, unlocked his car door and put a stack of blue exam books on the seat. He stared at her, too.

She went quickly down the street, almost running. And then, suddenly, almost as though he had come up through the sidewalk, there he was.

"Dick!" she exclaimed, not at all the way she'd planned to say it.

"Huh?" he said, turning from his companion. His eyes were blank. "Huh?"

"Imagine," she prattled, "imagine meeting you here. After Candy Cove."

Recognition flooded his eyes. "Oh, Candy Cove. Oh, sure. Beverly? Yeah. Beverly."

There was a moment's painful silence. "Did you ... did you go to Indiana?" Why did she say that?

"Indiana?" Dick said. He sounded as though he thought Indiana a part of Outer Mongolia. "Oh, Indiana. Oh, yes. We went to Indiana." He appeared to be thinking

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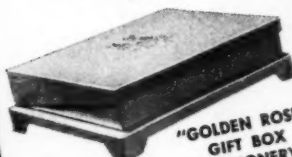
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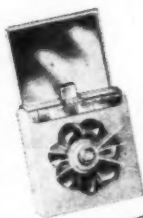
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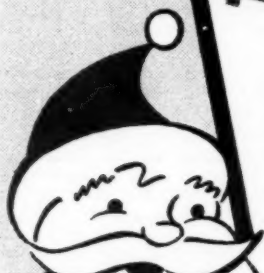
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deeply, turned to the boy. "Beverly's a girl I met last summer at the beach," he explained. *A girl I met at the beach.* Just that. Nothing about spending every day with her for two weeks. Nothing about the carnival. Nothing about the kitten. Nothing about seeing her—

She stared at him, shame sweeping over her in sickening waves. His hair seemed to have changed. It was streaked now. Funny that she had never noticed how his ears stuck out that way, and that his eyes had an almost blank expression.

"You can have lots of fun at the beach," the other boy said.

"Fun?" Dick said. "It depends. If you get a good beach, and aren't stuck in a hole as we were."

"Tough," the boy said, "tough for both of you."

"Well," she said brightly, "I've got to dash. It was nice seeing you again." She hurried off.

Stuck in a hole. He'd forgotten all about the good times they had had—the swims, the talks, sunning on the beach, the picnic, the carnival. He had forgotten all that. Suddenly her mother's words came back to her: "You wonder what under the sun was so wonderful about him..."

From habit, her fingers found the kitten. Dick had said it reminded him of her—cute and wide-eyed. She stared at the kitten. It did look wide-eyed all right. And stupid. She pulled hard, and the chain snapped.

She looked like the kitten. Stupid, that's how she looked. Well, she had been. Very stupid. Trying to call Dick on the telephone when he hadn't bothered to call her; haunting his school until all the boys must have been joking and laughing about her; running after him like any silly, boy-struck girl. Searing shame left her weak and limp.

But she didn't need to be stupid any longer. She dropped the kitten in the gutter, where it disappeared beneath a little cluster of leaves. There. It was out of her life now. Like Dick. Just a summer romance.

A little sob caught her throat. Just a summer romance, but she ached with the disillusionment. Some of it was her own fault, too. It was her humiliating pursuit of Dick that would forever rob the memory of her first romance of all its sweetness.

She took a deep breath. She would have to think up a good idea for the masquerade, something with really beautiful costumes—for Ann and Tommy, for her and Hank. Her tongue, touching her stiff lips, tasted the salt of tears, but she set her teeth and resolutely forced herself to go on with her planning.

THE END

Remembered Island

(Continued from page 25)

"Mechanics of warfare?" Rhoda murmured. "That—that doesn't sound like Ken—"

"Matter of fact, it was quite good," Nash mused. "So good that after I got back to New York and heard of his tragic death, I flew out here to see his father. Thought the boy's manuscript might have been sent home with his gear. If it had been here, I would have made an effort to have it published."

"And you didn't find it?"

"No."

"Then—where is it?"

Nash shrugged. "Maybe he destroyed it."

"He—he wouldn't have done that!"

"Why not? I've destroyed some of my

work. Or maybe it just got mislaid over there in the hospital... or on the battlefield."

His eyes met hers directly, as if he dared her to disbelieve. Her mind rocked with confusion. Why would a person such as this Nash seemed to be go to all the trouble to fly to Minnesota on the chance of finding the manuscript of a dead boy he hardly knew and try to have it published? And yet, if he had actually stolen Ken's manuscript from him over there in Korea, why would he come to Half Moon?

"It's too bad," Nash's voice went on. "You know, over there in the hospital I offered to show the book to a publisher, but I couldn't take it in the shape it was in. He'd written it at different times—in camp in the States, in foxholes over there. Just scribbled on odds and ends of paper. I told him to beg, borrow, or steal a typewriter, get the thing in shape, and try to market it..."

Thunder boomed across the roof. Rhoda was aware that Nicky had been mumbling for a long time about the storm.

She got to her feet and gathered up the autographed books. "Thank you for the autographs," she murmured. "We'd better go—" Then she remembered an important question she had forgotten to ask. "Where did you live when you lived here before, Mr. Nash?"

He walked with them as they moved toward the door. "Oh, here and there," he said easily. "Had a job once, as a kid, working for Cass Tinkler. Ten cents an hour."

"I think I've heard of him."

"Well!" Nicky said sharply. "If you'd read this week's 'Wellington News' you'd know that he was found dead of a heart attack in that shack of his! Come ON, Rhoda! We've got to get home before this storm breaks!"

Rhoda looked quickly at Nash. Had he known, when he gave Cass Tinkler as a "reference," that the man was dead and would never be able to answer any questions? Nash merely looked bored. He opened the door and let them out into wind and rumbling thunder.

The storm broke as they headed out into the choppy water, bursts of lightning illuminating the driving rain and the wild, racing waves. Breathlessly, the girls dug their oars into the heaving surface. There was no time to talk or to think about anything but trying to reach the opposite shore. Once there, Rhoda thought anxiously, how would they ever get the scow fastened to the dock?

As they approached Strassers' pier, something hissed through the air. A rope! Rhoda seized it. Whoever was on the other end of it was not only a good shot but a good Samaritan. A tall figure in a yellow slicker appeared through the rain blur. Peter.

"Okay!" he yelled above the wind. "I've got the prow. Hold on." Then he was reaching toward the seat where the canvas bag lay. She dragged it out and held it up. It was a sodden, dripping ruin.

"Let's get going!" Peter said curtly.

Blinking, Rhoda got to her feet. What was the matter with Peter? The angry pink of his cheeks told her at the same time as he burst out, "Of all the fool stunts! You could have been drowned, going out in such a storm!"

"I'm drowning now!" Nicky cried. "Let's get out of this." She sprinted along the dock.

Rhoda stared at Peter wonderingly. "All we did was go over to Half Moon! We didn't expect the storm to—"

Some deeper emotion mingled with the anger in Peter's blue eyes. "That's carrying devotion too far, if you ask me!"

Incredibly, Rhoda knew what the emotion

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was. Jealousy. Jealousy of Ken! Hurt and bewildered, she brushed past him. "That was a mean, petty thing to say, Peter Strasser!"

Peter stalked after her. "Wait a minute. I'm sorry. It was just that—well, suffering cats, how do you think I felt watching you two out there in that tub? But—well, I am sorry for that crack about Ken."

"You can't hurt Ken," Rhoda said, "but you c-can hurt me!"

"Gosh, Rhoda—I'm sorry. It just popped out. You know how much I think of Ken. Maybe it's just that I—well, you're alive, and I care more about you." He caught her arm, pulling her to a standstill. "Ken's dead. You've got to realize that."

Rhoda's voice caught. "I know. Don't you think I know!"

Rain dripped from Peter's lashes. His voice softened. "Sometimes I wonder."

He seemed to tower over her, his face somber. "You're a big girl now, Rhoda," he said. "Life doesn't stand still, stuck two or three years in the past. But you're right about one thing. I didn't have any right to say what I did." He turned—a tall, bareheaded boy wrapped in shining rain—and walked away.

Her head down, her eyes dark with fresh uncertainty and conflict, Rhoda walked slowly in the opposite direction toward Idlewild.

Life doesn't stand still, Peter had said. No. It pushed and pulled at you with both hands like the wind tearing the tops of the trees. She looked up at the waving boughs and their dark glitter against the lightning-lined clouds. She closed her eyes, listening to the hollow beat of the wind. "Love has to stand still, doesn't it," she asked soundlessly, "when it has no place left to go?"

The storm had interrupted Mayhew's excursion so she returned to the house just in time to turn the jalopy around and take Nicky home. They had been gone but a few minutes, and Rhoda had just slipped into her terry-cloth robe, when she heard a knock at the door. She thought, Peter! Her hand flew to her hair. The knock came again. She'd just have to face him the way she was.

For a moment she did not recognize the lean, sunburned, aging man who stood there squinting at her. "Jesse!" she said finally.

He stood shifting his weight from one foot to the other awkwardly, his face shadowed by the wrinkled brim of an old Panama straw hat stained with the grime of many years. "Just thought I'd drop by and say hello. Seen you and that Plum girl take off in that storm." His eyes were puckered from years of squinting against the sunlight on the lake.

She held out her hand, and as he accepted the proffered handshake, felt the oar calluses on the thin palms. "Won't you come in?"

"Well—I guess I can stay for a minute." He moved toward the chair near the stove with the shuffling movement Rhoda remembered.

"Things are pretty changed around here now," Jesse said, seating himself. "You ain't changed much, except for being more growed up." He studied the floor. "My boy would've been twenty-two, come September."

With a sense of panic, Rhoda went to the stove and lifted the coffee pot. "I'll make some coffee," she said. Just so he doesn't talk too much about Ken, she thought. I can't stand it if he does. "How do you like your tenants over on Half Moon?"

He shook his head. "Been pretty lonesome over on Half Moon," he said. "Since the Nash folks came it ain't quite so bad. Better than having the house stand empty. I moved to the smokehouse after the missus died." He

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cocked an eyebrow. "But that Nash, now. Seems like a right smart fellow. Knew my boy."

She turned the heat higher under the coffee-pot. "Yes, so Nash said. Met him in the hospital."

"Yep. Said he read a book Ken was writing. Took a airplane and flew all the way out here last October, just to see if the book had been shipped with Ken's stuff. Nice fella, Nash, goin' to all that trouble for the kid. But there wasn't no book writin' to be found."

Rhoda pressed, "If it wasn't shipped back, what did happen to it?"

Jesse looked at her curiously. "That's just what Nash asked me. I can't see why everybody's so excited about some writin' the boy made up. He was always makin' up stuff, wastin' his time when he was supposed to be workin'. He was bright, I'll have to say that. Smart as a whip. Maybe I was too hard sometimes. But I meant it for the boy's good."

There was a forlorn appeal for understanding in his voice. "The coffee's done, I guess." She was glad to turn away as she poured out two cups of the steaming brew.

"Nash said that Ken's writin' was real good and maybe it would have made money." Jesse took a big swallow of coffee. "After Nash'd gone, I got to thinkin' that there ought to be a lot of stuff around here that Ken wrote. But if there was any, the missus hid it good."

Rhoda's heart twinged in something like pity. The tyrant she had known had turned into a garrulous old man. He held his cup in both hands, as though the hot liquid could warm his thin blood through his finger tips.

He mused. "The missus might have hid the boy's scribbles most anywhere. After he died, she was out of her senses, you might say. Toward the end, she started fixin' up his things — his clothes and knickknacks and schoolbooks—all over." He took another deep swig of coffee. "If she hid anything Ken wrote, she done a good job. Since Nash moved in this spring, he's gone through the whole place from attic to cellar—"

"Oh, Jesse! You shouldn't have let a—stranger go snooping around among things—Mrs. Lee's keepsakes in the attic..."

There was a sly gleam in Jesse's eyes. "Oh, he never got to the attic 'til after I'd been there. And all I found, he wouldn't care to see, anyway. The boy's letters to his ma, mostly. The only other things that's got any kind of writin' in it is a little black book he used to put stuff down in. Diary, I guess you'd call it." The familiar flicker of contempt touched Jesse's expression. "Never heard of a boy keepin' a diary, but Ken did."

Rhoda's heart pounded. "Letters! Diary! Nash—Nash hasn't seen them?"

"He wouldn't want 'em. No money to be made off 'em. They're stashed over at the smokehouse. Feel I sorta should hang onto 'em, since the missus put so much store by 'em." He grunted and got up. "Promised the butchershop some fresh walleyes."

"Jesse, could I see the letters and diary?"

He regarded her thoughtfully. "Guess so. Reckon his ma wouldn't mind you havin' the stuff—"

He shoved his battered hat on his head and went to the door. "Come on over tomorrow afternoon. I'll be sure to be home then. Don't do no fishin' in the heat of the day."

He went slouching down the walk. As she watched him, she thought: Maybe he isn't just thinking about the money he might have made from your book, Ken. Maybe, somewhere in his heart, he cares about what it would have meant to you. (To be continued)

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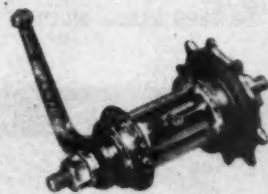


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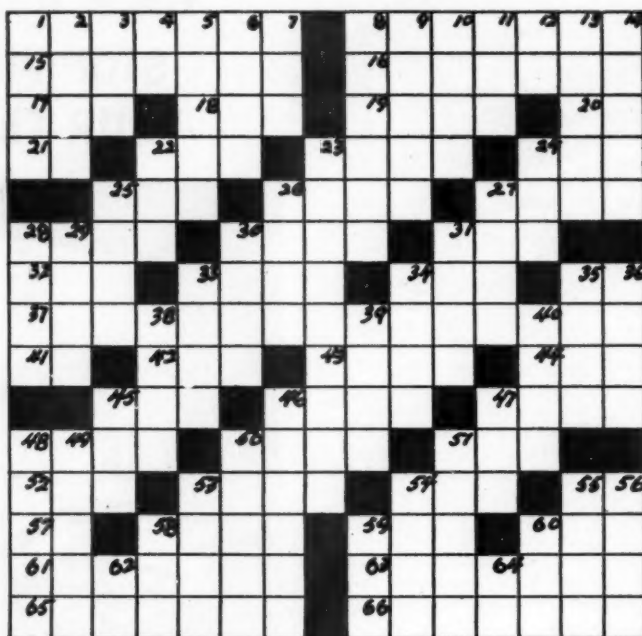
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ACROSS

1. Full of play
8. Partial returns of payments
15. Set at liberty
16. Abstract or summary (as of a book)
17. Hail!
18. Soak (as flax)
19. Electrical unit
20. Auxiliary verb
21. Possessive pronoun
22. A small mass (as of paper)
23. System of communicating by flags, telegraph, etc.
24. That which is slept on
25. Boy
26. Prod
27. Frenzied anger
28. Rip
30. Mentally sound
31. Sneaky
32. Asiatic ox
33. Past tense of slide
34. Exclamation
35. Musical note
37. Magician who does sleight-of-hand tricks
41. Letter of the alphabet
42. Low, monotonous sound
43. Musical sound quality
44. Time past
45. Bone of the chest
46. Tunes

47. Coarse chaff of wheat
48. Principal
50. Wild plum
51. Transgression
52. Aged
53. Not shut
54. Feline
55. Musical note
57. Geometric ratio
58. Above
59. Priest's vestment
60. Center of wheel
61. Obvious
63. Revel wildly
65. Wards off attack
66. Came into view

22. Armed conflict
23. State of being
24. To purchase
25. Body of water
26. Remunerated
27. Very small insect
28. To write on a machine
29. To merit
30. Slender
31. Location
33. Stump
34. Fish appendages
35. Garment worn by ancient Romans
36. Metallic element
38. Front of leg below knee
39. Blood
40. Mountain lake
45. To free
46. Warning signals (military)
47. Small amount
48. Was dejected
49. Having life
50. To pay out (as money)
51. Cavalry sword (variant)
53. Part of stove
54. Mollusk
55. To melt together
56. In bed
58. Poem
59. High card
60. Embrace
62. Provided that
64. Correlative of either

DOWN

1. Perambulator
2. To raise or collect (as taxes)
3. Malt beverage
4. Pronoun (Biblical)
5. Unit of electrical capacity
6. Utilized
7. To permit
8. Rescind
9. Lyric poem
10. Digestive secretion
11. Siamese coin (variant)
12. Preposition
13. A glowing coal
14. Having many seeds

For solution turn to page 78



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City Slicker

(Continued from page 17)

belonged, in his own kind of darkroom, with his own kind of stain on his hands.

"If they don't want me, well—" Norna bit her lip before she could say it firmly enough—"well, I don't want them!"

"Hm?" Mom asked over her shoulder from the sink where she was peeling potatoes.

"Just thinking aloud," Norna called back. No need troubling Mom with the fact that her daughter was a—a-leper, at school! That she might as well have worn a black mustache and played the shell game, city slicker that she was among her schoolmates! Mom was wearing a frown between her fine eyebrows.

"I wonder what's keeping your father?"

Mom's voice had more than a question in it. It was sharp with—something. Dad always called when he was late. Norna realized that under the weight of her own problem these past days, she had seen, heard, nothing else. There was anxiety in Mom's careful voice; dread that would not stay hidden!

"Look, Mom, Dad's all right! All the miners—every day—"

"Of course! Why wouldn't he be!"

Mom's answer was so sharp, so sudden, so fierce, that but for the look in her eyes, Norna would have thought she was angry. But her eyes were—afraid!

They had supper, Mom and Norna, then did the dishes. They tried to talk about silly, casual things. But neither knew what she had said, nor what the other answered. By the time they were setting away the plates, neither of them was speaking at all.

"Dad will be phoning any minute now—" Norna said when, the last dish done, there was nothing else to cling to. She *had* to say something! "Right on that phone—"

It was crazy. It was like a sophomore class play not quite professionally done. The cue was too apparent. The quick response was just too amateurish!

"The telephone—" Norna was there instantly, caught the phone with a cold hand that tangled with Mom's chilly one.

She let Mom answer. But as Mom slowly laid down the phone, Norna wished *she* had insisted, herself.

Mom stood there, not quite steady. But it was just for an instant. Then she was straight and sure again, like the Gibraltar Dad always said she was.

"There has been—a little trouble at the mine," was all she said.

"Mom! Mom!" Norna was shaking her mother by the arms, before she realized and was ashamed. But the final question came in spite of her. "Dad—?"

"Dad will be all right, baby," Mom said. "Dad's down there!"

"Dad will be all right," Mom repeated.

What happened then, Norna never quite remembered. Mom was going out, her coat buttoned crazily about her, a shawl that she would not have worn to the back-yard incinerator in their Chicago home thrown over her head. Mom was going alone. But when she saw Norna's face, white and sick beside her, she stopped.

"Put on something warm," she said. "It will be cold—waiting."

There was sleet in the November wind as they marched up the street, but Norna did not feel it. She wanted to speak to her mother. She couldn't because of the ache in her own throat. Others walked beside them, behind them, in front, up the street.

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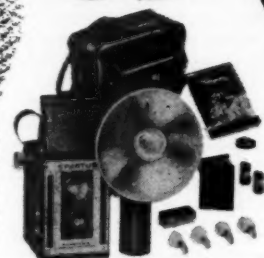
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There had been madhouse confusion, Norna thought, when the big downtown hotel in Chicago had burned and so many had died. But this was worse. Screaming wind, whipping sleet that would soon be snow, grim people, silent people, hurrying people. And over all, around all, above all, through all, the siren of the mine. "Get them!" it wailed. "Save them!" And then, breathless in its bellowing, "Hurry! Hurry!"

But around Eks Mine itself, when Norna and her mother finally climbed to it, there was no confusion. It was as if fear had paralyzed. Groups stood huddled, weird in the mixture of substance and shadow that the floodlights made of them. Mouths moved. But the screaming snow-bitten wind and the wailing siren swallowed the frail sound. Eyes stared only one way, under the visors of shawls, across hands that tried to steady trembling mouths.

In the endless black hours when she tried to make Mom know she was there, by an arm about her, a hand on her sleeve, Norna tried to keep her own mind from the word picture she had painted for Tyyni. The Empire State building, she had said, sharpened and pushed into the ground, could not reach the ore-digging bottom, tall as its fourteen hundred odd feet made it! It could reach and reach, and not even touch *two thousand* feet down, where men dug iron ore!

It was that picture which Norna saw now at Eks Mine. Down, down two thousand feet, level after level, like the stories of the Empire State building's elevator shaft, descending and descending into black, suffocating depths—*two thousand* feet down! And there—

"Dad!" Norna moaned in spite of herself. But if Mom heard, the grim look, the stiff feel of her did not show.

As they waited, hardly moving on frozen feet, the night thinned, grayed, about them. And then it was sodden, weeping morning. The wind seemed even colder, now that you could see the desolation it screamed over. In spite of herself, Norna looked toward the towering head frame of Eks Mine. She wanted to run up and beat upon its red ore-stained timbers. It *dared* to look just as it did every day, like a giant crouching grasshopper!

"Here. This will warm you."

The hot steam was in her face before Norna realized. Hardly knowing what she was doing, Norna took the cup offered her.

She hadn't thought it could be so good, so warming and livening and good. And she was not aware, until she swallowed it, that she had torn off in one great bite a slab of thick sandwich that smelled of home-baked bread and sausage.

"A little more?" the kind voice asked. Norna looked at the pleasant face under the Salvation Army bonnet. "T-thanks—" she held her cup to be filled.

"I can help, too!"

Mom's voice startled Norna so she all but dropped her heavy cup. She swallowed her last bite and went after her.

Women with babies in their arms stood, stolid with shock, where they had stood all night. And boys. And girls. Norna stopped in her tracks at the sight of one of them, moving among the rest, a great box of sandwiches in her arms.

"Tyyni!" Norna ran toward her.

Tyyni turned. "You!" she said over her box. They stared into each other's eyes for an endless minute. The question came as with one mouth.

"What are you doing here!"

"Dad—" Norna faltered over a sob. "My dad—"

"My uncle Eino—"

They stood and stared at each other again. And then suddenly with a wide, warm smile, Tyyni settled her box in Norna's arms.

"I'll get another one." She turned and ran, and in a little while came back with an even heavier carton.

"You go that way and hand them out," Tyyni instructed, general in a domain she knew well. "And I'll go this. We'll meet here and fill up again. Everybody's just about frozen. If they don't take, push one in their hands. See that they eat! It'll do 'em good!"

Norna stared a minute after Tyyni's re-treating figure. Then with her trembling lip caught in her teeth, she started her rounds.

She did have to push sandwiches into a few stiff, chilled, unwanting hands. She passed Mom and some other women marching with the Army women along the coffee-cup route. Mom carried one of the great gray pots, steaming its inviting fragrance into the raw, bleak morning. Norna tried to smile into Mom's desperate eyes.

"Here, let me help!"

"Mike Basaraba!" Norna almost spilled her emptying box in her surprise.

Mike helped her steady it. "What are you doing here!"

"My dad—" Norna managed to answer.

"My big brother Tony," Mike said, his mouth tight. "He's working his way through U—"

Norna's eyes left his white face. "Go get a box, Mike Basaraba! Everybody's got to have something to eat." She hoped she sounded as competent as Tyyni!

Mike went for a carton.

And so it went, endless hour after hour. Reports came. There had been tappings. The men had signaled—but how many lived? Another cave-in could come at any moment! And there was always the terrible danger of an explosion, fire. And—water. The drift, where the men were, could fill...

A day was twenty-four hours, made of minutes and seconds, Norna thought, as she moved mechanically through the endless spread of time. But this night, this day, seemed a century. At long last it was noon. Whistles sounded from the other mines around that had not, this time, suffered that dread thing, an underground cave-in. No sun came with the chill, blustering afternoon. Then it was growing dark...

Norna was hardly aware that someone stopped beside her until an arm drew through hers. She stared into Tyyni's lovely blue eyes.

"This is your first time, isn't it, Norna?" Tyyni said.

"And dear God let it be the last!" Norna prayed. "How could you stand more!"

"You do." Tyyni nodded soberly. "My grandpa—that was years ago. The mines are safer, now. Inspected and all."

"And my grandpa," Mike Basaraba said as he joined them, his last chore accomplished. "I was just a little kid. The mines are safer now. But men forget. They get careless."

Huddled in a group a few steps away, Norna saw others of her classmates. Brothers, fathers, uncles, grandfathers—this was what that red stain they wore, that hematite iron ore stain, meant. It was sort of a red badge of courage, Norna thought, that put them into one brotherhood. The brotherhood of walking tiptoe through danger. And these were their children—Tyyni, Mike, and the rest. No wonder they had kept her apart from them

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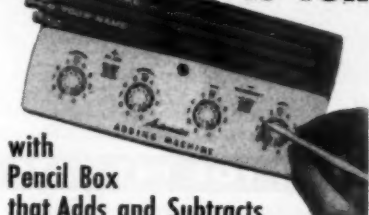
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—no wonder! It wasn't only that she had seen the Empire State building in New York or that she had prettier clothes, or that her dad had cleaner hands. It was that she spoke another language! Her people had come from Sweden, as Annie Johnson's had, as the parents of the other boys and girls had come from Finland, and Cornwall and Italy and Germany. She could say the words with the rest of them. *Shaft*—it was the hole in the ground, off which branched the levels with their cut-off drifts. The miners rode up the inclined shaft in cages, like elevators. You stopped open holes into the ore. You trammed the soggy hematite ore upward, up the shaft. They dressed and undressed from or to their work in the dry house, or dry. Yes, you could learn all that, Norna thought, as she had tried so hard to, so that she might belong. But even then you would be apart.

"The gift without the giver is bare."

The line came to her out of Miss Jean's English class. And somehow, it belonged. You had to share. You had to be part of this terrible thing! Then—

"Listen!" Tyyni's trembling hand gripped her arm.

"Jimmy cats!" Mike cried.

The wailing whistles began. But this time the wail was gone from them. They shrieked. They shouted. They howled for joy.

Her face wet with tears for she knew not what, Norna turned upon Tyyni with a desperate "What?"

"Come on, you kids!" Mike had the two of them by their cold, stiffened hands, tugged them toward where women and children and boys and old men surged forward, toward the feet of the caterpillar head frame.

Someone was at a loudspeaker.

"Please keep back! Please give them room! They are bringing the men up!"

"What?" Norna could hardly ask it. "What?"

An old man turned to tell them. "Dey cut new shaft. Dey bring men oop!"

D-dead—No, she mustn't let herself think it! "Alive?" Norna demanded fiercely.

The shabby old man turned and smiled at her. "Dey is alive, yess. Dey is maybe hurt. But dey iss alive, yess!"

Part of a group that consisted of Tyyni and Mike and the rest who had never accepted her before, Norna waited. Her eyes reached for the towering thing toward which men who had been buried were being slowly, guardedly, prayerfully lifted. She caught Mom's eyes briefly before they returned to the place where the cage would rise and the men would come forth, on foot or on litter.

Norna felt a touch, a feather touch on her cheek. At first she thought it was a tear of joy. But as her finger found the place, the feather thing melted. Snow was coming, great fluffed flakes, drifting, aimless, wandering. She remembered her Great-aunt Gretta used to say that snow was molting angel wings. The gentle wetness cooled her hot cheeks.

She lifted her eyes to the Eks Mine head frame. Snow had already laid ermine along its top, in its crevices. It was snow flushed with pink. It looked like Mom's whipped cream with lingonberries.

"So lovely!" Norna said, not knowing she said it aloud.

"Even more than the Empire State building?"

Norna turned, saw the tease in Tyyni's bright eyes. She answered Tyyni's hard hug with one even harder.

"Sure is!" she said, and meant it. THE END



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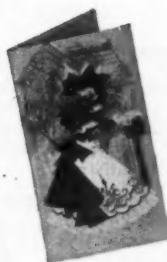
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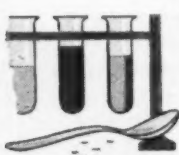
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Puddings for Dessert

(Continued from page 33)

pretty, with an interesting texture and flavor contrast. It is simple to make, and particularly nice for a party dessert. When you are carrying out a color scheme in your table decorations, choose the fruit-flavored gelatin which will harmonize with it

GELATIN COCONUT PARFAIT

1 pkg. cherry-flavored gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 cup cold water
1 pkg. coconut cream pudding and pie-filling mix
2½ cups milk

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add cold water and stir. Pour into shallow pan and chill until firm.

Combine pudding mix and milk in a saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a full boil. Remove from heat and pour into bowl. To avoid a film forming on pudding, place a piece of wax paper directly on surface of hot pudding. Chill. (For a creamier texture, beat the chilled pudding slowly with a rotary egg beater.)

Cut firm gelatin into cubes and fill sherbet or parfait glasses ¾ full, reserving some cubes for garnish. Cover with chilled pudding, and garnish with reserved cubes.

This pudding is a dessert that is sure to please family or guests, says Lynn Jensen of Freeport, Illinois. While baking, the pudding divides into a delicate layer of lemon custard topped with a cake layer.

GRAPE-NUITS PUFF PUDDING

1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup sugar or honey
2 egg yolks, well beaten
3 tbsps. lemon juice
2 tbsps. flour
¼ cup Grape-Nuts
1 cup milk
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Cream lemon rind and butter until well blended. Add sugar gradually, and cream until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat well. Add lemon juice, flour, cereal, and milk, mixing well. (Mixture will look curdled, but don't worry about that.) Fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish and place in pan of hot water. Bake in slow oven (325°) 1 hour and 15 minutes. Serve warm or cold, with plain or whipped cream. For a special occasion, top with thawed frozen strawberries and whipped cream. Serves 6.

Kay Aherns in Rock Falls, Illinois, makes an unusual fruit pudding that is good the year round. When fresh rhubarb is not available, you can substitute 2 packages of the frozen variety.

RHUBARB CRUNCH

4 cups diced raw rhubarb
1½ tablespoons flour
¾ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
Dash salt
1 tablespoon water
½ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup flour
¾ cup brown sugar
¾ cup quick-cooking oatmeal

Place rhubarb in oblong baking dish, about 10"x6"x2". Combine flour, granulated sugar, cinnamon, and salt, and sprinkle over fruit. Add water. Cream butter. Stir in flour and brown sugar, mixing until smooth. Stir in oatmeal. Sprinkle this over rhubarb. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 50 minutes, or until rhubarb is tender and top is brown. Serve slightly warm—plain, with cream, or with Easy Lemon Sauce. For a festive occasion serve it à la mode, using a small scoop of vanilla ice cream.

Ellen Speiden's home is in Mitchells, Vir-

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by Lucina Ball



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ginia. But her recipe, for which she has had many requests, originated in California. You will never recognize this glamorous dessert, served with its own special sauce, as a bread pudding.

PEACH-CUP PUDDING

5 canned peach halves ½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs 3 cups soft white bread crumbs
1 cup sugar

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Butter 5 large custard cups well, and place 1 peach half, cut side up, in each. Beat eggs. Beat in sugar gradually. Stir in cinnamon, bread crumbs and butter and blend well. Spoon over peaches in custard cups. Bake in a hot oven (400°) about 25 minutes. Let stand 15 minutes. Remove from cups and serve, peach side up, with:

Butter-Sweet Sauce:

½ cup sugar Few grains salt
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
cornstarch 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup peach syrup ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
Mix sugar and cornstarch in small saucepan. Add syrup, mixing well. Add remaining ingredients and bring to a boil. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Serve warm.

This delicious frozen pudding with a built-in surprise is made from a packaged pudding mix which needs no cooking. You just mix it, place it in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator, and beat once when partially frozen, to prevent large ice crystals forming.

FROZEN CHIP CHOCOLATE PUDDING

1 cup cold milk 2 tablespoons sugar or
1 cup cold light cream ½ cup light corn syrup
1 package vanilla ¼ teaspoon vanilla
instant pudding

1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted
Pour milk and cream into mixing bowl. Add pudding, sugar, and vanilla, and beat 1 minute with rotary egg beater, until well mixed. Quickly stir in melted chocolate. (The chocolate will harden in flakes, giving the effect of chip chocolate.) Pour mixture into freezing tray and set refrigerator control for coldest freezing temperature. Freeze about 1 hour, or until crystals form about 1" from edge of tray. Transfer to bowl and beat with rotary egg beater or mixer until smooth, but not melted. Return to tray, cover with wax paper, and freeze until firm. When firm, turn control back to normal and leave pudding in tray until serving time. Serves 4 to 6.

Judy Short of Poughkeepsie, New York, sends a recipe for a dessert and sauce which are cooked together in the same dish.

HALF-HOUR PUDDING

1 cup flour 1 cup raisins (optional)
2 teaspoons baking powder ½ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon salt ¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 tablespoons granulated sugar ¼ cup butter or margarine
3 tablespoons butter or margarine 2 cups water
Dash salt
½ cup milk (scant) 1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, measure. Add baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons granulated sugar, and sift into mixing bowl. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually, stirring until soft dough is formed. Stir in raisins.

Combine remaining ingredients, except vanilla, in saucepan. Bring to a boil. Remove from heat and add vanilla, stirring to blend.

Pour hot sauce into a 10" x 6" x 2" baking dish. Drop dough by tablespoonfuls into sauce. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 30 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream or ice cream if desired. Makes 8 servings. THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL



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TAMPA, FLORIDA: I just had to write this very minute to tell you how much I enjoyed the first part of *Remembered Island*. Barbi Arden certainly is a grand writer. She expresses herself so well that you feel as if you were the one in the story. I wish I could write like that. *Grass on the Mountain* was also very good as was *Rating: Skipper*. I for one go for these human-interest stories and ones that seem so real they make you cry or laugh right along with the characters. Let's have some more, huh?

I am inclined to disagree with Carol Burns' letter in the July issue. I believe the readers should tell why they enjoyed the stories and what they want for the future because it probably would help the editors a great deal. They could also include their hobbies, if any. Not just "...I collect stamps," or "I like music and swimming," etc. you understand. These drab statements would bore anyone!

I particularly like to read about what fellow readers think of the magazine. I don't underrate the person who feels like saying she enjoys the magazine either. There's nothing wrong with honestly telling someone you like a good job they've done!

JILL KINNEY (age 15)

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE: I most wholeheartedly agree with Carol Burns' letter in the July *AMERICAN GIRL*. If a girl writes she likes a story, she should at least explain why she liked it. I like your new serial *Remembered Island* because it is different from your other serials in that it has vivid descriptive language such as the quotes from the novel.

I liked *Grass on the Mountain* because it dealt with the Navajo and told what it is like to be bound to duty when one would like to do otherwise.

Your cover was excellent. I liked it because it showed Mariner activities which have not been mentioned much. The article *Ahoy, Mariners!* was interesting to me, since I shall become a Mariner next year.

JANE McLAIN (age 13)

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT: Many of the girls in the world who read your wonderful magazine enjoy the same stories, fashions, articles, etc. and they all wish to write in and tell us what they enjoyed and to read about what others enjoy.

JOAN PIUREK (age 12)

WAUWATOSA, WISCONSIN: I enjoyed *Water Sprite* and *Rating: Skipper* a lot. I never read *Books* until the last issue, and now I have read *Books* from two years back until the present.

I agree with Carol Burns a little about girls writing in on what articles they enjoy, but I do think that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* would like to get letters to that effect so they can tell what kind of articles to use.

JANE CROKE (age 11)

ORLANDO, FLORIDA: I think that what you publish in the *A Penny for Your Thoughts*

column bores most of us. Only the letters that are about the writer interest me (and I'm sure many others) yet girls keep on writing the same old thing. I don't think many of us are interested in who likes what stories. That's comments and praise to you—the editors.

Not many people have ever heard of Orlando. But it's my home town and to me the best place in America. We have more than thirty-six lakes in our city limits. It gets mighty hot here but—I love it.

I believe your magazine is the best of its kind but some things could be removed to add more wonderful things that would make a magazine like yours tops!

BARBARA COOK (age 13)

GRANBY, MASSACHUSETTS: When I was reading the reviews of books, I noticed *The Gentle House* by Anna Perrott Rose. I have read this story (or a condensed version of it) in a magazine. It is (I think) very good.

I think the story *Rating: Skipper* shows much courage, something we all want. I hope to write a story someday and I think the article *Hereby Hangs a Tale* is really valuable to girls with my ambition.

In this issue, I especially liked *By You*, and the nonfiction entry "Danny" by Jo-Anne Jones. The most interesting feature in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is *All Over the Map*. I exclaimed at the helpfulness of Troop 170 in Tacoma, Washington.

MARGERIE FRENCH (age 12)

CHARLEVOIX, MICHIGAN: I never used to read *All Over the Map* in your magazine, but just recently I realized it can be a great help in one's Girl Scout program. I am now a Curved Bar Scout and think more Girl Scouts should make that their goal.

Hereby Hangs a Tale helped me quite a bit on a story I was writing. It made me realize I was going at it in the wrong way!

Your fashion section is getting better.

CAROLYN STOEL (age 16)

TAMPA, FLORIDA: *Cargo for Jennifer* was excellent. The story itself taught us all a lesson and proved to us that even though we are extremely fortunate to be Americans, we shouldn't take people that live in foreign countries for granted and think that all others should envy us and look up to us just because we are Americans.

I enjoy the fashions and the patterns very much and plan to make my own wardrobe for next fall.

AILA ERMAN (age 13)

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK: What has happened to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*? The magazine that two years ago had the best stories, the cutest fashions and the most interesting articles is not at all the same as the one today.

Take the July 1954 issue, for example. Three pages of fashions, including the patterns. The stories are less interesting. I simply did not like *Rating: Skipper* and the others were just mediocre.

Can't you do something about it? I hate to see this happen to the magazine I used to like better than any other.

JEAN BIEHLER (age 14)

EAST PALATKA, FLORIDA: I especially like the new continued story, *Remembered Island*. The illustrations by John Fernie are just the best I've ever seen. I always like to see a picture of the girl I'm reading about.

I loved the article *Water Sprite*, too, because I'm crazy about swimming.

SYLVIA BLAKE (age 14)

HELENA, MONTANA: I have been taking your wonderful magazine for a year and two months and not until now have I realized what a wonderful magazine it is.

My hobbies are swimming, sewing, cooking, collecting knickknacks, and art work. I don't care for my sister's hobby of reading. Hence, the great discovery I have just now made about your magazine.

Cargo for Jennifer was wonderful! I am now looking forward to the August issue so I can continue with *Remembered Island*. It sounds good. I would like to congratulate you on *Rating: Skipper, Grass on the Mountain, Water Sprite*, and *Sun on Your Crown*. They were all tops with me, especially *Rating: Skipper and Water Sprite*.

I enjoy the *By You* section. In this issue, July, I especially liked "Danny," in that section. I also like the *A Penny for Your Thoughts* section.

JACQUELYN KING (age 13)

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO: *Remembered Island* is as good as *Cargo for Jennifer* and that means the best of your stories! I like *Rating: Skipper* because it had a different kind of excitement in it. *Grass on the Mountain* was good because it told of Chee's emotions. *Hereby Hangs a Tale* was especially interesting because it told of the good points you must have in a story! I tried a banana fudge bar recipe from your *Recipe Exchange* and boy was it good! I like *By You* because it gives everybody a chance to show their skill at different things! I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* more each issue because there are so many letters from foreign countries! *Speaking of Movies* is interesting because I like to see good movies. *Jokes* is swell, too! Keep up the good work!

SUSAN ADAMS (age 11)

MAMARONECK, NEW YORK: I thought *Hereby Hangs a Tale* was very interesting because I love to write. I think Ruby's idea of the surprise ending about a cat was very good. Another article of special interest to me was *Ahoy, Mariners!* because I have finished Intermediate Scouting and will become one of them in the fall.

I always like your fiction and am going to try to enter something in *By You* this fall. Your book section tells me what books and authors to read. I love to read and think that is a nice part of your magazine. I would appreciate it if you had an article on journalism.

I liked your old page heading for *A Penny for Your Thoughts* better than the new one.

I did not like your June cover at all, but most of your magazine is tops with me!

ANN MORTON (age 14)

GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS: I've just finished reading the *AMERICAN GIRL* "cover to cover" and I simply love it.

I agree with Jane MacFarlane, *Cargo for Jennifer* is very exciting, and *Growing Up* was simply marvelous.

THE AMERICAN GIRL



Are you
in the
know?

How would you rate this dipper gal?

☐ Shy ☐ Fun ☐ Dracula's daughter

For parched gullets, nothing beats a cold draught of aqua, country style—but who wants a cascade down his back? That's Minnie the Ha-Ha for you. Up to another practical prank. *Funny?* Ask Pete (of the drenched shirt)! How can Minnie's victims know that such buffoonery conceals shyness; a need for notice? Being *herself* is a gal's better bet. And on "those" days, comfort helps. Remember, Kotex gives softness that holds its shape... doesn't chafe!



Just met—what's your chatter cue?

☐ Take over ☐ Proceed with caution

Maybe you point out another newcomer, and coo: "What a creep! Hope he doesn't cut in!" He won't. Neither will the lad you're talking to—who happens to be the creep's brother! Lesson: be kind, or be quiet! You can be confident (at calendar time), with Kotex. Those flat pressed ends prevent outlines. And here's an added worry-saver: Kotex can be worn on either side!



More women choose KOTEX[®]
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Should a back-to-school shopper be—

☐ Label-conscious ☐ Loaded with lucre

Budgeteen or million dollar baby—look for labels on togs before you buy! Little tags that tell about shrinkage, fade-resistance; whether a fabric's sudsworthy or should be dry cleaned. Helps you choose what's best for you. So too, when choosing Kotex, look for the labels Regular, Junior, Super. Of these 3 sizes there's one exactly suited to you; gives the complete absorbency you need.

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Which of these "steadies" does most for you?

☐ Romeo & Juliet ☐ Kotex & Kotex belts[®] ☐ Moon 'n' June

Made for each other—Kotex and Kotex sanitary belts—and made to keep you comfortable. Of strong, soft-stretch elastic, they're designed to prevent curling, cutting or twisting. So lightweight! And Kotex belts stay flat even after many washings. Buy two... for a change!



next to this ...



look
for
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not on
all shoes
.. just the
best ones

**AVONITE
SOLES**

AVONITE SOLES are approved for the Official Girl Scout Shoes. You know this means they have been given severe tests for wear, comfort and value.

The next time you buy Girl Scout Shoes, make sure they have Avonite Soles. You'll get more mileage from the shoes, and you'll be wearing soles that are light, flexible, and need no breaking in. Because they are waterproof, they keep feet and shoes dry ... can't shrink, curl or crack, but stay smooth and comfortable. They don't skid or mark floors.

Brownies' shoes come with Avonite Soles, too, and you might pass the word along that the rest of your family can get the same fine soles on their shoes by looking on the sole for the Avonite Solemark of Quality.



AVON SOLE COMPANY
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I live in the wonderful town of Greenfield. It is about a hundred miles from Boston, our capital. I have done many things in the UN and have represented our Girl Scout troop at a United Nations meeting.

Magazines like THE AMERICAN GIRL help to bring world friendship.

HARRIET McFARLAND (age 13)

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA: What I like best about THE AMERICAN GIRL is that it gives its readers and subscribers a chance to take part in the writing of its articles, such as *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *Recipe Exchange*, *By You*, and others. Most of these articles are written by readers. The readers enjoy these articles best, if they are anything like me. My favorites, next to the fiction, are *By You*, *Jokes*, and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I like to read what other girls around my age like and I like very much to read their letters, poems, stories, and nonfiction.

VERNA GUENTHER (age 12)

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN: *Cargo for Jennifer* was simply grand. I especially liked the ending. I want to congratulate you on your covers. They're the best I've ever seen and we take three or four other magazines. *Blue Bonnet Lass* and *Alice* were wonderful.

SANDRA POLINSKE (age 14)

KOFU CITY, JAPAN: I must write and thank you for the wonderful magazine which you provide. It gives us teen-agers a wide scope of interesting articles to read. I am most grateful to my pen pal Anne Madlin who gave me a subscription to your magazine. It's a pity that I should read it alone; so as soon as I have read it, I show it to my many friends. I had heard before from our Canadian teacher that your magazine is a very fine book for teen-agers both in America and Canada and how we have wished to have a chance to read it!

Now I am very happy that my long dream has actually materialized as a fact and my heart is full of thanks to Anne. I have been really satisfied with everything, but I like *All Over the Map* best.

MITUKA KOBAYASHI (age 18)

LAMESA, TEXAS: I am a Curved Bar Scout of Troop 11. I am also the treasurer of our troop. Your magazine is tops in magazines and especially in Girl Scout articles. Often much of the information has helped in my badge work.

SYLVIA REED (age 12)

BROOMFIELD, ENGLAND: I just had to write and tell you how good I think THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE is. My pen pal, who is in the Girl Scouts, sent some to me and I am thrilled with them.

Someday I hope to become a fashion designer, so your tips help me a lot. I enjoy sketching my own ideas for clothes, and keep them all in a folder. Perhaps I am not being very loyal to our English designers, but I think that your fashions are much better than ours; they just seem to have that something about them that appeals to me, and my friends also prefer them.

Someday I hope to be able to visit America, as one of my sisters already lives there, but I am afraid it will not be for a good many years as I am only sixteen and still at high school.

A few weeks ago the art mistress at school took our Sketch Club members to the London Zoo so that we could sketch the animals. We had great fun, and it is surprising how many details one misses in an animal until one has to draw it; then they stop being just an animal and become a thing of beauty and wonderment.

Your art and photographic sections produce a high standard of work, I think; some of the photographs are so wonderful that it does not seem possible that young people have taken them.

The stories that you print are also good, and give easy and enjoyable reading. In fact, everything in THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE is good, I congratulate you and hope that I will be able to read and enjoy a good many more editions of it.

SHEILA PERRETT (age 16)

LE HAVRE, FRANCE: I enjoy your magazine very much. I am a French girl and my American pen pal sends me some copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL. We have not magazines as beautiful as this one in France. I like the fashions. I try to read the stories; it gives me a good idea of American life. I am going to high school. My hobbies are playing piano and speaking English. Your covers are very beautiful!

CHRISTIANE LAGNEL (age 13)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

You May Wear Her Suit!

Of course, Patricia Dunkley doesn't plan to lend you her Girl Scout uniform, of which she is very proud. If you wear her suit, it will be your suit, too. For Patricia, at thirteen, is the national winner of a design contest sponsored by the Independent Retailers Syndicate—and the costume she designed will be sold in stores across the country this fall. It is a two-piece bolero suit in corduroy, the bolero curving up in front to expose a charming cotton blouse underneath.

Patricia has been a Scout five years, having started as a Brownie in her home town of Edina, Minnesota. She's an excellent seamstress—and of course she has the Girl Scout Sewing badge. But that's not the only one. Her record in Troop 222, Minneapolis Girl Scout Council, shows she is a Curved Bar Scout who has qualified in outdoor cookery, first aid, swimming, child care; and other fields. She's an active sports girl—but indoors, designing and sewing are her hobbies.



SEPTEMBER, 1954

She Isn't Pretty, but—

(Continued from page 26)

would—whether it was to go shopping with them on Saturday or to take on the chairmanship of the club dinner. She was an extremely sought-after baby sitter, for her clients knew that she wouldn't call up at the last minute and beg off because something more interesting had offered itself. Her boy friends thought she was wonderful, for she never was known to break a date in favor of someone else with more wave in his hair or an extra dollar in his pocket.

All her life Karen will probably do more than her share of the chores of this world. Her reward will be the respect and friendship of everyone who knows her. And an extra bonus will be the satisfaction that comes from a job well done.

SHE'S SO FRIENDLY

Whether she lives in Peoria or Timbuktu, Nancy will always be surrounded by friends—and for a good reason. Nancy is willing to go more than halfway. She's willing to smile first; she offers her help in any emergency. To a newcomer at school, for instance, Nancy's friendly smile and warm voice make her stand out like a beacon on a deserted shore. The fact that her nose is turned up and her mouth too big is beneath their notice. The friendly light in her eyes is all they see. Nancy will always be the center of a group because she has a genuine liking for people.

Not one of these girls is pretty, but—each one has a happy life ahead because she has learned, sometimes the hard way, that an attractive personality is worth more than a pretty face.

Perhaps one of these girls is you.

THE END



THE AMERICAN GIRL



WITH
**AMERICA'S
BEST
SELLING
LINE...**

of unusual Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings, Stationery, other wonderful Gifts... Thousands of our agents make thousands of people happy while earning spare-time (or regular) income!

WONDERFULLY APPEALING CHRISTMAS CARDS

Distinctive! Different! Low Priced! Three sample boxes shown here to gladden the hearts of everyone! Personal, Friendly, Exciting!

16-CARD "JEWEL" CHRISTMAS SCENES

16 charming Jewel Christmas Cards in popular, new shape are smartest ever! They glitter, glimmer and sparkle... Everyone will want them!



14-CARD MERRI VELVETS

Bright red velvet flocking makes each card as delightful to touch as to see! Exciting subjects sure to appeal to young and old!

21-CARD GOLDEN SIGNATURE PRIZE

Top selection of 21 lovely, heart-warming Christmas Cards with Golden Signature to write your name in 23 Kt. Gold!



WIN MINK STOLE

and many other valuable prizes in great big contest. Details included in Sample Kit.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Just show cards to friends and neighbors. They sell on sight! Costs you absolutely nothing to try. Write today for FREE personal line portfolios and boxes on approval.

100 OTHER ITEMS

Name-imprinted Christmas Cards, 25 for \$1. up. Exclusive new series adorable SWEETHEARTS. Also famous BURGUYNE LINE, personalized stationery. Colorful catalog of complete 140 item line.

CHARLES C. SCHWER CO., DEPT. 1-G

ELM ST., WESTFIELD, MASS.

Please send me FREE personal line portfolios and 3 boxes shown above on approval along with other details of making money PLUS FREE Retractable Pen.

Name _____

Address _____

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FREE..

Famous name retractable pen... to everyone interested in this offer. FOR YOUR PROMPT ACTION we will send AT NO EXTRA CHARGE this beautiful two-tone, long-lasting, non-leaking snap-back pen

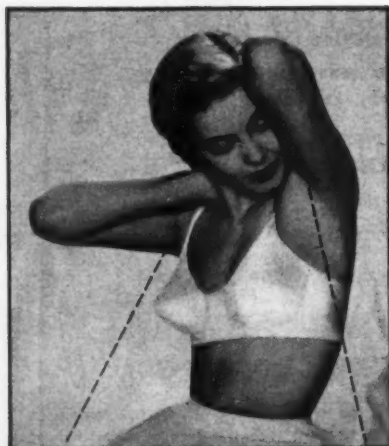
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DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

**SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!**

*New Mum with M-3
won't irritate normal skin
or damage fabrics*



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant without M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum with M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 clings to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. Only leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.
6. Gentle, safe, dependable—ideal for sanitary napkins, too. Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM®
cream deodorant
with long-
lasting M-3
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Is the Horse a Vanishing Race? (Continued from page 21)

cowboy riding a jeep, but for handling a herd of cattle he knows there's nothing like a cowpony that "savvies" cows. At roundup time, the mounted cowboy ropes the calf and holds the rope taut while his buddy applies the branding iron. Cattle country is still the horse's world.

Chiefly, what you see there is the mustang or the pinto. But the Appaloosa stock horse—not a new breed—is gaining in popularity. It's the Western horse with the mottled skin and speckled-and-spotted coat. Such horses figure in ancient Chinese and Persian art. Early Spanish explorers brought some of them to the New World from Spain. The Nez Percé tribe of Indians bred them, and later the cowboys took them up.

The Quarter Horse is likewise familiar to Western riders. It was developed in the South in Colonial days, when short races were popular, and derived its name from the fact that it was the fastest horse then known on the quarter-mile track. Blocky and strong, it still is popular on Western race tracks. But it also makes an especially good stock horse, since its ability to run fast over short distances is an advantage in lassoing calves.

The beautiful golden horse—the palomino—is a favorite both on the range and on Eastern bridle paths. There are three types: one with the blocky conformation that is useful for ranch work; one especially bred and trained for trail work; a third, the parade type, stylish and upstanding. All three have the golden coat, blond mane and tail, dark hazel eyes.

The Arabian, oldest breed in the world, is a first choice for the bridle path, for its beauty and refinement. Rather small, it is noted for its distinctive wedge-shaped head, slightly dished face, short back, level croup, and gaily carried tail. Commonly, it is bay, with blue-black skin. But some Arabians are gray, chestnut, or brown. Infrequently they may be white or black. This breed was ridden over the sands of Libya in North Africa even before an Arab knew what a horse looked like. But the Arabs, when they became horsemen, were responsible for keeping the breed pure. It has been used to improve other breeds all over the world. Today the Arabian Horse Club of America is working to keep the Arabian horse "purebred."

The Morgan, the Tennessee Walking Horse, the American Saddle Horse, and of course, the Thoroughbred, are all popular for use under a saddle. The sturdy Morgan Horse calls Vermont his home State—for it was there that Justin Morgan first bred the dark bay

stallion which was the great sire of the line, and gave it his stamina.

The Tennessee Walking Horse was developed to carry Southern plantation owners over their land at a comfortable gait. A stylish breed, it is noted for its running walk—an easy six to eight miles per hour. It also has a slower flat-foot walk and a fast canter.

The American Saddle Horse is likewise a Southerner, a handsome five-gaited breed. Developed in early days for use on the rough roads of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, it's both spirited and strong.

The Thoroughbred was developed from the Arabian—and only the Arabian can rival it for beauty and refinement. The name *Thoroughbred* should be applied only to this one breed—for all others the term to be used is *purebred*. Thoroughbred has worldwide fame as the running horse with a jockey in its saddle. Native Dancer, Determination, Hasty Road, Fisherman, and others that make the Sunday picture supplements, are all Thoroughbreds. Another of importance in sporting circles is Standardbred, or American Trotting Horse. It pulls a sulky on the race course, trots or paces, but never gallops. Some of this breed have been trained for the saddle and the bridle path.

PONIES

The horse used for polo is always called a pony, but he may not be as small as a true pony, which is 14.2 (14 hands 2 inches) or under in height. A "hand" is a measure equaling four inches. The true ponies include the Hackney Pony, known for its high-stepping gait; the Hackney Horse, which is merely a big Hackney; the Welsh; and, smallest of all, the Shetland.

ASSES

The small ass, called a burro or donkey, is still used to some extent as a pack animal. More common is the mule—offspring of a horse mare and an ass stallion. Last year, there were over 1,500,000 mules on American farms. So it looks as if the mule would be with us for some time.

Maybe you're looking forward to the day when you'll take a bus-copter to school on Mars! Maybe by then the feel of a saddle or the soft, affectionate touch of a horse's nose nudging the shoulder or spying into a pocket for a lump of sugar will be forgotten. Maybe the horse will wind up in a zoo! But not very soon! In our day there are still seventy-five million horses left in the world.

So—happy riding!

THE END

Top Secret (Continued from page 22)

Pin Curl No. 1: This first type is wound in rings of exactly the same size: when combed out, the curls stand up away from the head. This is the curl for styles such as feather cuts, poodle cuts—designed to give a fluffy effect.

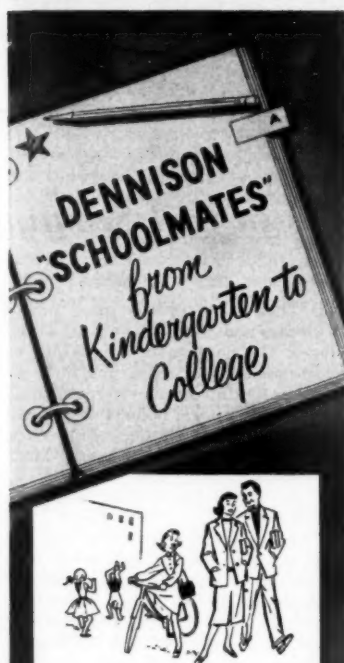
Pin Curl No. 2: This snail-like curl is rolled so that the outside ring is the biggest; and the tip of the hair is looped in the innermost position to form the smallest ring. The No. 2 is the one most professionals use; it is a curl that lies close to the head when it is combed out.

Pin Curl No. 3: Although it is shaped like a figure "6" this is called the No. 3, and it is the "stay-put" type of curl. It comes out looking exactly like it does when made—and

is used for "kiss" or "spit" curls and for versions of the Italian boy coif.

Pin Curl No. 4: This resembles the No. 3 except that in this one the inside curve of the "6" loops over, making a complete turn and actually crossing over. The result is a tighter curl than the No. 3. Caution: be sure not to tuck the end of the curl *inside*—cross it as in the diagram or else you'll get a too tightly rolled curl.

Once you've caught on to the technique of making these four types of pin curls and you understand the effects they give, you have hold of one of the real top secrets of the hair stylist. But you still need to know something about hair-setting methods. There



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THE AMERICAN GIRL

is an art to it. An elegant coif comes as a result of a lot of little things which add up. Victor has selected a few, and he believes that these tips of the trade will help you at home to do a professional job.

PIN-CURL POINTERS

1. After your shampoo, try to coax your hair into the hairdo you have in mind. Surprising—but some parts of your hair will fall into shape, and save you some pin-curling.
2. Before you begin curling, apply setting lotion.
3. Use as few pins as possible... in fact use fewer curls than you think necessary rather than more.
4. If you want curls that are soft and loose—take thick, large strands of hair for each curl. For tighter curls, use thinner strands.
5. Speed is essential—so work fast to finish—and get that net on your hair on the double.
6. Do make your pin curl where you want the actual curl to be in the finished hairdo—not two inches higher!
7. Never use a net that is too tight. It will squash any stand-up curls, and rumple up delicate lines of your set.

"I'd like to give a cue to your curly-haired readers," Victor said. "Although they have styles galore to choose from—fluffy feather cuts, Italian boy coifs, and poodle cuts are just a few—tell them to remember this: *all their curls and waves should be loose-looking. Corkscrew curls and tightly pinched waves are almost as passé as periwigs.*"

"And this brings me to my main idea. I believe in the 'new freedom' of hair. American girls don't like hair that is forced to lie still. They have thrown over the 'static' look—the perfectly-groomed-in-order-to-look-pretty hair styles—and they have exchanged it for exciting 'mobiles.' Mobiles are hairdos that can bounce, be blown by the wind, yet fall back to their original contour. They are attractive even while a sea breeze is whipping them around."

He pointed to the girl in the picture as an example of a girl with a mobile hairdo and added that it was a coif which looks especially beautiful in action.

"You'd need curly hair, though, to fix it?"

We were wrong. It seems it works best for straight hair with a slight wave on top of the head, but it will work for curlier hair, too. We learned that this style is unusually well suited to a full-faced girl as the absence of a part lengthens the face and adds height. Here's how:

Set the two side-of-the-forehead curls in No. 3 pin curls. The very top hair, which is shorter than the sides, is rolled backward over a wad of cotton. The rest of the hair is set in large No. 2 curls, drawn carefully toward the face. When combing this, be sure to comb the sides back, and the nape-of-the-neck hair up before combing it down, to give it added fullness.

"Is there any one special thing you'd like to tell AMERICAN GIRL readers?"

He reflected a second—then, "Tell them to choose a style that is simple and to keep their hair shining and clean at all times. That's all; their youthfulness will take care of the rest."

It was getting on. We rose, and said our *au revoirs*. Suddenly, at the door, a thought came to mind. "Just from curiosity... what do the white rabbit and green hedges really represent?"

Victor grinned. "Don't tell anybody—but really, I haven't the faintest idea!" THE END



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All Over the Map

Headline News in Girl Scouting

AT THE ANNUAL Washington Square Outdoor Art Show this year, one of the most interesting exhibits was a group of paintings by New York City Girl Scouts. For the fifth consecutive year the Scouts of the Greater New York Council were invited to show their work at this famous art show, and in the final judging their entries were awarded twenty-five prizes or honorable mentions. The award-winning pictures were chosen from varied works in oil, water color, charcoal, tempera, and pastels.

The Girl Scout pictures were exhibited to show the high quality of the creative art that is part of the Girl Scout program, and were not for sale.

DRAMATICS, CITIZENSHIP, and Outdoor badge activities (especially hiking, swimming, and overnight camping) have made a varied and worthwhile program for Intermediate Troop 192 of Bethesda, Maryland.

Their citizenship activities have been particularly interesting. The girls visited the Americanization School in nearby Washington, D. C., and learned how the school prepares new citizens for life in the United States. They talked with students who only recently had come to the country, and discussed some of the problems of citizenship. Some time later, a naturalization ceremony which they attended at the United States District Court had a special significance when the girls saw some of these students take the oath of citizenship.

As a result of these experiences, the girls began a serious study of our Bill of Rights. They read biographies of naturalized citizens and learned of their contributions to this country. They followed related current events with special interest.

IN A QUITE DIFFERENT KIND of exhibition, Girl Scouts of Hatfield, Pennsylvania, in the Philadelphia Council, won top honors at the Boy and Girl Scout "Fieldoree." At this annual get-together Boy and Girl Scout troops at various age levels compete in a series of Scoutcraft contests. Fire building, rope tying, cooking, first aid, a dramatic skit put on by each group are some of the events.

A cup, to be held for one year, is presented to each winning group. At the last Fieldoree the Girl Scouts were the winners in all three groups. For permanent possession the trophies must be won for three successive years, and at the coming Fieldoree the girls hope to make it "two down and one to go" for their side.

IN MATTAPAN, MASSACHUSETTS (the Greater Boston Council) Troop 347 decided to combine participation in an Americanism program with their puppeteering activities.

They chose a play set in Revolutionary days, and the whole troop did research on costumes, hair styles, and speech of the period. There were to be seven characters in the play. All of the girls made papier-maché heads, from which the seven best were

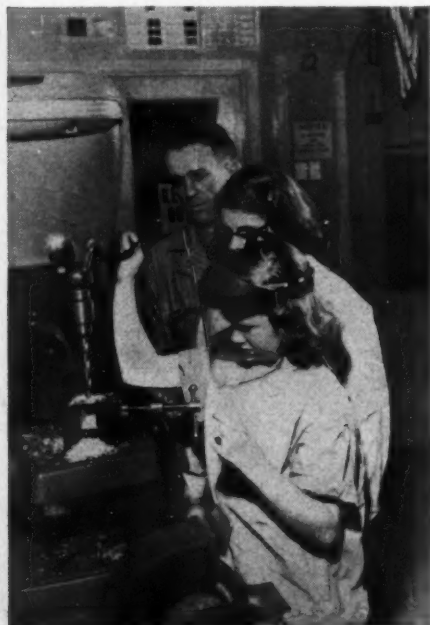
chosen. Then some of the troop members made clothes and wigs; others painted hands and faces. The puppeteers, meanwhile, were busy memorizing and rehearsing their parts.

Materials for the costumes were contributed by a large mill, a local upholsterer, parents—even a baby brother, whose corduroy overalls helped make a patriot's trousers! Mothers helped with the sewing; fathers with the stage setting, for which the scenery was painted by one of the girls.

The whole project lasted two and a half months, and the girls enjoyed every minute of it. In addition to their increased knowledge of an important period in their country's history, and the new skills they acquired, the girls had an added reward in the first prize which their puppet show was awarded in the Americanism program.

ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO Brownie Troop 19 of the Santa Fe, New Mexico, Council found that all of the girls were ready to leave Brownie days behind. So the whole troop flew up as a unit—their leader "flying" with them—and became an Intermediate troop. Some of the original group have moved away and their places filled by girls who have transferred from other communities. Now, all are looking forward to going together into Senior Scouting.

Community service has been a major activity of Troop 19. Last year the girls dressed sixty-four dolls for children who were guests at a community Christmas party. As part of their arts-and-crafts program all of the girls



Their metalcraft project was one of the most interesting activities of Troop 4 in Modesto, California. Here two of the girls are learning to operate a machine under the watchful eye of their program consultant

Girl Scouts of the Willow Glen and San Jose Lick district admire a daytime dress that another troop member is modeling for them in a preview of the fashion show and luncheon held in San Jose, California



San Jose Mercury photo

learned to knit. Then the troop made an afghan for a children's ward in a hospital.

The troop especially enjoys camping. It did its first cookouts in back-yard camping, and later held cookouts in areas outside town. Most of the girls have attended their council's established camp, and have plans for advanced camping experiences.

One of their projects for the coming year is to map available places to which Santa Fe Girl Scouts may hike for cookouts. With the growth of their community, such spots are becoming fewer and fewer, and Troop 19 believes that this project will be a real service to Scouting in the area.

AS ITS SENIOR SERVICE project for this year, Troop 147 of Tucson, Arizona, in the Sahuaro County Girl Scout Council, has become a Junior Red Cross first-aid demonstration team.

To qualify for this service, the girls had to meet the exacting requirements of the Girl Scout health and safety program, and complete the Red Cross first-aid course.

One of their interesting experiences as a team was giving a demonstration of first-aid techniques on a television program.

These Seniors demonstrate first aid to Brownie and Intermediate troops, and this summer they served as assistant first-aiders at the local day camp.

A RED CROSS FIRST-AID course also led to a good community-service project for Troop 3 in Medina, Ohio. When the girls and their leader had completed the first-aid course and received their Red Cross certificates, they were inducted into the local Civil Defense Corps.

The troop takes part in the activities of the corps, and tests its first-aid skills in regular practice. The girls also have assisted the local Red Cross by making table favors for the dinner which opened the annual fund drive.

A teen-age modeling course at one of the large department stores in Cleveland was another activity of Troop 3. At the end of the course the girls staged a fashion show under the supervision of a former model. The girls felt that they benefited personally from the course, in addition to the help it had given them in their Good Grooming and Personal Health programs.

"SEEING IS BELIEVING," reasoned the girls of Troop 84 at the Chanute Air Force Base, which is in the Campaign County Council. So they voted to stage a "Sewed-by-Ourselves" fashion show after they had completed work on certain badges in the Homemaking field.

Parents and friends were invited to the show, and the girls modeled dresses and accessories which they had made. At the close of the program the girls received their Seamstress, Dressmaking, and Clothing badges. And, of course, the party ended with refreshments.

The affair was so successful that the troop is considering staging a similar demonstration

of newly acquired skills when they complete other badge requirements.

A FASHION SHOW also was a highlight activity of Girl Scout troops in the Willow Glen and San Jose Lick districts of the Santa Clara Valley, California, Council. The show was held in a San Jose hotel, with the girls modeling attractive sports clothes of all kinds, daytime and formal fashions, supplied by a local store. A special feature was a scene showing Girl Scout uniforms, present and past.

Luncheon was served during the afternoon and in the intermission some of the Girl Scouts entertained their guests with songs and piano and violin numbers.

This, and many other fine activities, was the result of district-wide planning with junior-high troops. A Camporee in which all the junior-high troops in the Council participated was one of the most ambitious and exciting projects.

Another was a dance sponsored by the



A first-aid team of Troop 147, Tucson, Arizona, demonstrates lifting

Willow Glen and San Jose Lick district in a gymnasium of a junior high school. Parents were invited (thus solving the chaperone problem!) also friends, and members of a Boy Scout troop. Refreshments were cookies and punch, each Girl Scout donating one dozen cookies. The dance was a great success, and plans are now being considered for a class in ballroom dancing to begin this fall, in which Boy Scouts would be invited to take part.

IF YOU HAD PEEPED into the metalcraft shop of the Roosevelt junior high school in Modesto, California, any Monday afternoon last spring, you probably would have rubbed your eyes and taken another look. But yes, you had seen aright—the shirt-clad figures operating the machines really were girls.

For Troop 4 of the Stanislaus Council it was the fulfillment of a dream of nearly a year when they found a program consultant to help them in Metal badge work. The principal of the school arranged for the troop to use the facilities of the school's shop, and the girls began what they have found to be a fascinating crafts project.

Stressing originality in all that they make, the girls have learned to use punches and

drill press, vise, hack saw, C-clamp, and other equipment, all under the supervision of the man who acts as their consultant. Their first project was making aluminum rings—and one of the girls was very proud when a boy classmate told her that her ring was as good as one he had made!

Metalcraft is not the only interest of this wide-awake troop. The girls also have completed the requirements of the Rambler and the Cyclist, the Homemaker, First Aid, and Dressmaker badges.

The troop felt that it should do something to show its appreciation to its consultant for the interest he had taken and the time he had given them. So they worked out an arrangement by which troop members act as baby sitters for his children.

Certainly a novel—and very practical—way of saying "Thank you!"

LAST MONTH we shared with you a letter from a Girl Guide in Australia. This month we have one from a Girl Guide in Gisborne, New Zealand:

"My pen friend in Pennsylvania was very kind to send me a copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I am very interested in 'All Over the Map.' In the March issue you invited all Girl Scouts to tell their news. Perhaps you might like to hear mine.

"I am a Girl Guide in the Aranga Company. The whole company of thirty Guides is divided into six patrols. Each patrol has a name of a New Zealand bird or flower. My patrol is called Kanuka.

"Several weeks ago we held a breakfast hike. We all met in town, some five miles from my home, at six o'clock in the morning. We then hiked a further four miles to a beach where we played games, passed badges, had our breakfast, which we cooked over the traditional campfire. Then we took photographs for a competition which was open to all the North Island.

"We held a 'damper competition' and also one for the best cooked and served breakfast. My patrol won the 'damper' competition. (Incidentally, our whole company came third equal in the photograph competition.)

"We do not do any hospital or charity work in our age range of eleven to sixteen. We hold a 'Work A Week' once a year for which we all do as many jobs as we can. The money earned goes to Guide headquarters.

"In Gisborne we need a Guide Hall very much, so we have purchased a piece of ground and are going to start to build it soon, all by ourselves. That is, all the Guides in Gisborne.

"I do enjoy 'A Penny for Your Thoughts.' I also enjoy your fashions so very, very much, especially your smart Girl Scout uniforms."

GIRL SCOUT CORRESPONDENTS

This department is made of news which Girl Scout troops and councils send us of their activities and plans. If your group has had some exciting times this summer, tell us about them. Send photographs, too—clear, black-and-white prints, 4" x 5" or larger, in good focus. We want to hear from you.

THE END

Coming and Going

**Girl Scouts and Girl Guides
exchange summer visits!**

by LAURA VITRAY

Photos by Frank J. Gilloon Agency



Girl Guide teams from Belgium, the Netherlands, South Africa, Switzerland, and visiting camp counselors greet the U.S.A.

WHEN THE S.S. *United States* glides ceremoniously out of New York harbor, Europe-bound, on September third, six thoroughly sun-tanned Girl Guides of the Netherlands will be hanging over the starboard rail, eager to wave a merry goodbye to the Statue of Liberty. And—get this straight!—they *do* know which is the starboard.

You see, on their way in on the same vessel late last June, the coy *Lady of Liberty* eluded them. So far as they could detect, she wasn't anywhere around the harbor at all. And that was a stunning disappointment, after all the photographs of her they'd seen. But—well—the fact is a deck hand had told them she'd be on the portside and, though many of the

Dutch are noted for their seamanship, the girls got things a little mixed. "It won't happen to us again!" says pretty Ineke Boekholt, with a laugh. And all the others agree with her.

The Netherlands girls were only one of the six teams of Rangers—meaning Senior Girl Guides or Scouts—who spent a summer crammed with fun and adventure on American soil. The other teams of six girls apiece came from Belgium, South Africa, Switzerland, and—nearer home—from Panama, and the French Antilles.

Yes, and these thirty-six visitors were just one small part of the summer's interchange of nearly two hundred girls and adults under the auspices of the Juliette Low World

Friendship Fund. The happy coming and going seems to get bigger every year! This year three delegations of Senior Girl Scouts represented the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. at international gatherings in Switzerland, Sweden, and France. Twelve of our Seniors paid visits to six European Guide associations. A dozen camp counselors from our country were swapped for a dozen from other parts of the world, who spent the summer in camps here with American Scouts. They brought along, and also took back home, many

new ideas in campcraft, games, songs, and all that goes into outdoor living.

And that's not all. In addition to the exchange visitors who shuttled merrily across the waters, half a dozen troops of Senior Scouts who had been working for several years to earn the money for their travel budgets made 1954 trips to Europe. And probably no one yet knows how many across-the-border visits were made by our girls and their sisters in Canada and Mexico.

In the various places throughout the United States where Girl Scouts were to be the hostesses of the six visiting Ranger teams, there was great excitement of preparation long before they arrived. The summer, for all but the Panamanians, started off with a few days at the Edith Macy training school, a beautiful camp in Westchester, where there was a get-together of incoming Rangers and outgoing Scouts, some orientation on the U.S.A. for the visitors, and such interludes as a big press luncheon and a boat trip and sight-seeing tour around Manhattan.

After the short stay in Manhattan, the teams dispersed far and wide: the Belgians headed for Alabama; the Dutch for Montana and the State of Washington; the South Africans for Connecticut and New Hampshire; the Swiss for Minnesota; the team from Guadalupe and Martinique, French Antilles, for Niagara Falls and Rochester, New York.

The Panamanian team did not meet with the others in New York. The six girls flew by plane direct from Panama City to their first stop—Houston, Texas. From there they went on to Muskogee, Oklahoma, at the end of July.

For many of the visitors, "just getting here" was something in the way of breathless adventure. For the South African team the journey started with a thirty-six-hour flight by plane from Johannesburg, South Africa, to

M. Henri Bourges, Vice-Consul of France at New York, welcomes the Girl Guides from the French Antilles





Twelve Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. are off to visit six European countries

London. "There's never been anything like it in our lives," said Yvonne Armstrong, seventeen, of Capetown. Her sister Ranger, Adele Seady, of Uitenhage, agreed with her. "We've got twenty-two thousand Girl Guides in South Africa," she said, "but not one of them ever had an experience like ours!"

"Were you afraid?"

"Oh, no! Or, yes—afraid we might miss something! We made our first refueling stop at Livingston, Rhodesia, and we had time to rush over and get a glimpse of Victoria Falls. On our next lap of the journey we looked from the plane and saw Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa. Then, in the dark, we made our second stop at Nairobi—that's Mau Mau country, you know!"

"We weren't bothered by Mau Maus," Adele put in with a laugh.

"From there we went on to Khartoum, then to Cairo, in Egypt. Our pilot dipped low when we flew over Athens, and he circled for almost an hour over Rome, to give us a good view. Almost the next thing we knew we were in London!"

"What did you do there?"

"We got in a bus tour of the city, visited the Imperial Headquarters of the Girl Guides, went shopping—and had our pictures taken in front of Buckingham Palace!"

Soon after seeing Buckingham the girls were greeting their sister teams from Belgium, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, on board the S.S. *United States*, that was to carry these four groups to New York. None of them had ever crossed the Atlantic before, and—

"The first two days were *assez désagréable!*" Helene Raunhardt of Zurich, Switzerland, explained. "The sea was very rough!" She glanced around and her team mates smiled, recalling that touch of *mal de mer*. But it seems that after the first two days,

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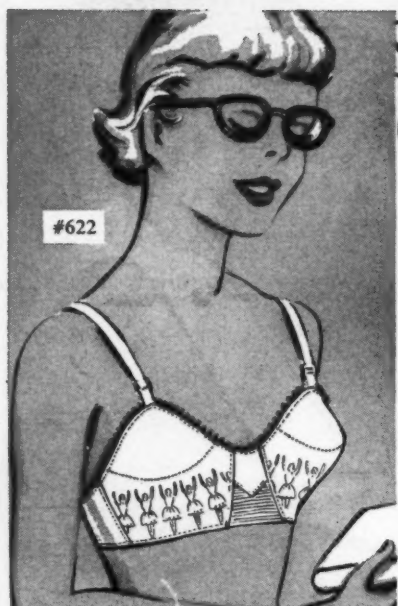


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waves and stomachs miraculously calmed down. The remainder of the crossing was an enchantment.

The girls who made up the team that flew to New York from Guadaloupe and Martinique found they had an immediate common bond with the French-speaking girls from Belgium and Switzerland. For though these small isles of the Antilles are part of the chain that helps link the two great New World continents, they are French-ruled, and French in language and loyalties.

Most of the girls in the visiting teams spoke English. All had six to nine years in Guiding and were expert campers.

"In Europe we do much more primitive camping than you do here," Marcelle Steiger of Berne, Switzerland, explained. "We go off with our troop into the mountains or forest, pick a camping site, and set up our tents. Sometimes, in cold weather, we find a peasant who is willing to rent us a rough cabin to sleep in at night. Perhaps in daytime he brings his cattle in there to care for them. At night he turns it over to us."

The girls from Belgium and Holland agreed with her. "It is cold in our country, and it rains a lot," Ineke Boekholt of Hengeld, Netherlands, explained. "But weather never spoils our plans. We go camping anyhow. We know how to live in the out-of-doors."

The visiting teams did plenty of camping during the summer. After some island-hopping in Long Island Sound, the South African girls went "back-packing" with the Girl Scouts of Stamford, from Camp Frances, in July. Early in August they were off to New Hampshire where an overnight, mountain pack trip and a tour of the White Mountains had been planned by the Girl Scouts of Concord, Manchester, and Nashua.

The Netherlands team felt they were incredibly lucky, with a schedule that took them all the way to Seattle. On the way they camped in Montana, saw the rodeo at Red Lodge, tripped through Yellowstone Park, then went on to the Northwest for a back-pack trip into the wilds of the Olympic Mountains. All this, of course, in company with U.S.A. Girl Scout Seniors who could match them in primitive camping experience.

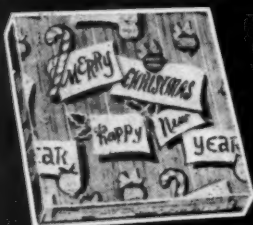
There were similar outings for all of the teams, wherever they went. And of course there were other good times thrown in. A real Texas barbecue for the Panamanians, plus a sail across Lake Gibson with a troop of U.S. Mariner Scouts. A visit to the great Eastman Kodak plant in Rochester for the team from the French Antilles, a Lions Club luncheon, and the tour of Niagara Falls. For the Belgian girls, a big celebration of July 21, their *Fête Nationale*, at the Girl Scout camp near Mobile, Alabama. In many places throughout the country, Scouts and non-Scouts eagerly joined in all sorts of welcoming entertainments.

While these things were going on, our Girl Scout Seniors who had sailed for foreign shores were having their own wonderful fun, finding their way into the hearts of Girl Guides, their families and friends, all over Europe. They came home to share with other Scouts the new friendships they had acquired—just as the six Ranger teams from abroad went back with a host of happy tales of the folks they met and the things they did here.

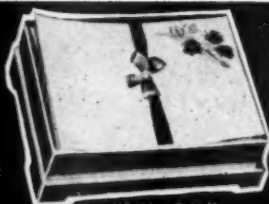
In the end, this widening of friendliness turned out to be the really important thing. And, like ripples in an ocean, no one can foresee how far these small tides of understanding may flow.

THE END

SEPTEMBER, 1954



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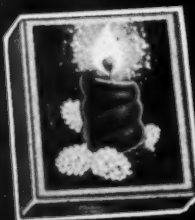
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SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



HER TWELVE MEN—A good script and excellent direction make an enjoyable and entertaining picture. Greer Garson is a young woman who in her wildest dreams had never imagined she would be teaching in an exclusive boys' school. Robert Ryan is a teacher as skeptical and wary of her as the boys. They, the stuffy headmaster, and a problem lad from Texas give her a mad and merry time. There is a serious note underlying the fun, and the ending will be to your liking. (M-G-M)

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

—A dramatic, deeply moving Technicolor picture, with fine performances by Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, and the supporting cast. It is the story of a millionaire playboy whose selfishness brings grief and tragedy to a doctor and his young wife. Helped by an artist, the playboy sets out to redeem himself, resuming his medical studies. What follows is an appealing story, with suspense that holds the interest to the happy ending of his search for peace. (Univ.-Int'l)



KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS — All the romance, the mystery and intrigue, the peril and pageantry of the Crusades are in this colorful spectacle based on Sir Walter Scott's story, "The Talisman." With Rex Harrison as Sultan Saladin; George Sanders as Richard the Lion-Hearted; Virginia Mayo as Lady Edith, a pawn in the intrigues of the rulers; Laurence Harvey as the knight errant who is her true love, there is never a dull moment—and many that are thrilling. (Warner)

BRIGADOON — A delightful and unusual musical, based on the Broadway stage success, gives Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, Van Johnson fine opportunities for singing, dancing, and acting. Two Americans, lost in a Scottish Highlands fog, discover the strange village of Brigadoon. Their arrival creates such amazement and fright that you will be as enthralled as were the young men with the mystery. Drama, romance, suspense, and color make for excellent entertainment. (M-O-M)



Books

(Continued from page 4)

year-old Keith. Sometimes Trudy felt she didn't really belong to the new family. She made up a rhyme,

"To be talented, glamorous, sure and sleek—

That is my wish every day of the week."

If only this foolish rhyme could transform her in a twinkling of an eye into somebody else, she thought; somebody sure to make the Debutees, somebody like cool, immaculate, well-groomed Brooke. Brooke, always conscious of the impression she was making, seemed assured and grown-up, though she was just Trudy's age. And besides being beautiful, Brooke had a talent. She could sketch, she had a way with clothes, and she was going to be a dress designer. Trudy couldn't exactly call her own lively imagination a talent. She was so full of energy and curiosity about people and places that she had little time to primp and usually rushed headlong into awkward scrapes, without ever thinking of Trudy Freeman. With the help of dictionaries and phrase books, Trudy spoke to people everywhere, browsed around in odd corners. Busy trying to copy the glamorous Brooke, she was amazed to discover that Brooke was trying equally hard to copy Trudy's friendliness and daring. Added to the excitement of traveling in Europe was the mystery of the two French boys, who bobbed up all over Europe, intent on some secret business seeming to involve Trudy's stepfather. All in all, it was a joyful and momentous summer in which Trudy adjusted to her new family, became friends with Brooke, discovered a talent of her own, and learned that to be a Debutee was not so important after all. Being sure of herself was what mattered. Interesting things—even romance—were bound to happen if one made oneself ready and waited.

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By You

(Continued from page 23)

decked out in their colorful best, the women wearing flowers in their dark, shining locks. I listened to the music, wafted by wisps of wind and interspersed with the trills and calls of birds. The earthy fragrance of the trees mingled with the perfume of the flowers so that I could taste the pleasant potpourri they made. Vienna, in the distance, was a fairy city in the scintillating summer sun, with tall, slim spires, shimmering white stone, and exquisite palaces tied together with the river's string of brilliants.

Suddenly, the moon rose, and as it climbed up the sky, from a distance came the pulsating thur—mm! thrum! of drums punctuated by the piercing scream of bugles. "Stop!" I screamed to the trees, as they suddenly seemed advancing upon me. They had changed, and were now giants towering menacingly over me. They parted, and a horrid scene was revealed: all around me was an ocean of white tents, like a legion of ghosts; before me were skeletons fighting with rusted muskets and swords; the putrid smell of rotten flesh and exploded shot filled my nostrils; and the hollow, reverberating shouts of the specters floated on the air; I saw for an instant Napoleon's cold hard eyes, set in a stolid face, as they must have looked at Austerlitz; and then, overcome with fear, I screamed and stumbled. My body was filled with the shock, and clutching outward with my hands, I opened my eyes to find my mischievous small brother shooting caps in my ear! The acrid sulphur smell filled the air; the music had stopped. I tingled all over, relieved to find myself home again.

ALICE M. DEWEY (age 15) Solvay, New York

A NARROW ESCAPE
First Nonfiction Award

The time was nine o'clock. The place was a gray-stone cottage situated in a small fishing village on the southeast coast of England.

My mother was trying to quell the sobs of my small frightened sister, whilst I sat by the glowing fire, trying not to listen to the distant noise of roaring waves as the harmful wind lashed them into fury.

My father, with the other men of the village, was patrolling along the defensive walls, ready to give the alarm if the sea should break through.

Ten minutes later, the state of affairs had not changed. However, my mother thought it would be best if we dressed in warm clothes, gathered a few possessions together, and climbed the hill to the village church. I obeyed her orders, and went into the bedroom to fetch some warm mufflers and my Wellington boots.

At twenty minutes past nine we were ready. I paused a little, taking a last look at our cosily furnished living room before opening the door.

Suddenly a shrill whistle was heard, followed by the tolling of the church bell. This was the danger signal! The raging waves could be heard plainly, as they rushed over the fortifications and headed in our direction. I began to panic, but my mother told me to keep a cool head and continue toward Church Hill.

Along the cobblestone streets we hurried, my mother holding my small sister in her arms, and I, carrying a few of our possessions.

Other people soon joined with us on our trek to safety. At the end of the village, the water was knee-deep. Many were now practically exhausted, but the thought of higher ground being quite near gave them fresh energy.

At length, the hill was reached. My mother and I walked cautiously up the narrow track into the darkness. Now we could see the church,

with rays of light streaming through the stained-glass windows.

Just as the church clock struck ten we entered the church, which already contained many of the villagers. We were given hot tea to drink, and the small children were made comfortable on the pews, as their tired eyes closed, and their nightmare was forgotten. It was wonderful to realize that we had all been saved from the destructive floods.

The following day, a search was made throughout the village. To everyone's relief, it was discovered that no lives had been lost, and that the flood waters had only reached a height of three feet.

With my mother and sister, I returned to our cottage, and set to work happily to clean up the debris.

ANGELA CROFT (age 15) West Hartlepool, England

MY HORSE AND I Poetry Award

We are one, we are one

My horse and I

Jumped the sun, jumped the sun

My horse and I

Pulled a ton, pulled a ton

My horse and I

Run and run, run and run, run and run.

Swam the sea, swam the sea

My horse and I

Wild and free, wild and free

My horse and I

Flying we, flying we

My horse and I

Triumphant be, triumphant be, triumphant be.

We are brave, we are brave

My horse and I

Crest the wave, crest the wave

My horse and I

Not a slave, not a slave

My horse and I

Speed we crave, speed we crave, speed we crave.

Jumped the sun, swam the sea

Pulled a ton, flying we

We are one, we are one

My horse and I

STEPHANIE VON BUCHAU (age 15) Larkspur, Calif.



FIRST ART AWARD:
MARILYN COOSS (age 15) Olean, New York

THE AMERICAN GIRL

MY FIRST DAY IN AN ENGLISH SCHOOL Nonfiction Award

I choose this subject as I think it interesting to compare and find the differences between schools of our country and theirs.

Before I started Saint Davids—the name of the school—I hadn't expected it to be too different. It was, though, unlike any other school I had attended. I went into the school, which was apparently an old apartment. I shook hands with the headmaster, or as we say, principal, hung up my hat and coat and was then shown to a rather large classroom with a huge coal fire burning brightly. I sat down in a wooden desk (not like ours, but with two people sitting in one). Algebra was the first subject, and when it was over, I was glad, because I didn't understand it at all.

Everyone went upstairs to a big room where we had prayers. All the grades gathered in this room where the roll was called by the headmaster. When your name was called you did not answer "here" or "present" but with the word, "adsum"—a Latin word meaning "I am present." When prayers were over, the upper grades went downstairs and put on their hats and coats, then walked over to the other house.

Our first lesson there also was unknown to me, geometry. When English came—it seemed as if I didn't know anything compared to the other children.

Then there was break, or as we say, recess. We had milk and biscuits, or again as we say, cookies.

Our long games were next, hockey. I thoroughly enjoyed this game. If the grass was wet in Hyde Park, we changed shoes when we got back. We played all games in Hyde Park as the school was an apartment house opening on to the street, therefore providing no place to play.

Lunch was served, and I was by all means ready for it. Latin after lunch got me too, but it seemed easier, for some reason, than the other subjects I was unaccustomed to.

Arithmetic was much like we have here, except for the different methods. Everything in arithmetic went fine—but when it came to multiplying with pounds, shillings, and pence—I was lost.

French was hard, and I never was really at all good at it.

By that time it was four thirty and time for tea.

From the end of tea until six, we had history, and that was the end of an unusual, but interesting day.

CHARLOTTE PRINCE (age 13) Santa Barbara, Calif.

THE DAY I WON A BEAUTY CONTEST Fiction Award

Boy! Was I mad! I was supposed to be in a beauty contest that would be held three weeks from today, Saturday. I had been planning on it for weeks; every night I had been brushing my hair with two hundred scalp-digging strokes; every afternoon I went to the drugstore with my girl friends and ordered three glasses of milk; I had refused all offers of treats of sodas, sundaes, and candy; and worse yet, I missed my mom's rich, luscious, marvelous desserts! What torture! All my chums and family gobbling away unconcernedly while I wrestle with my will power, suffering in silence. And my exercises—the first couple of days I was stiff, but I finally got used to doing the bicycle ride and fifty sit-ups every morning at six-thirty and every night before I crawled with fatigue into bed at ten. (All the beauty articles say to go to bed early, so I said good-by to my usual eleven o'clock bedtime.) Not to mention

Queens and Gals Hail Jon-e Muff!



Queens, Mary Ann Kost, St. Cloud, Minnesota and Joanne Wunderlich, Winona, Minnesota

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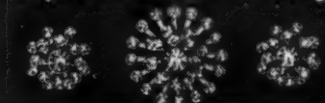
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GEM-CRAFT
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all of the allowance money I spent on freckle-
cream to bleach my freckles.

And now, now that I had been slaving for
weeks, my mother tells me I won't be in the
contest; that I will be stuck seventy-five miles
away in an old antiquated farmhouse. After
all my weeks of excited anticipation, of hard
work and deprivations, I wouldn't even be near
the beauty contest. This was too much—I
couldn't bear it. . . .

Then, at dinner, Mom told me I didn't have
to go—Joy! Oh, joy! But—I was also told that
Granny had her heart set on seeing me, since
it had been two years since the family had
gone to visit her. She had made plans for my
room, for a picnic for me, for a party to which
all the kids living around there were invited,
and she had written that I could bring a friend.
She had mentioned in her letter that I should
write her and let her know if I could make it.
So the decision was mine.

In my bedroom I lay on the studio couch,
chin in my hands, thinking. The beauty con-
test was so important to me. Granny would
certainly be happy if I won a beauty contest.
But would she? Wouldn't a lonely old woman
in a lonely old house prefer a visit from one
of her favorite grandchildren to that grand-
child winning umpteenth place in a beauty
contest she might never even hear about? Then
my other self would argue back, growing weaker
all the time. Chuck Davids, my new boy friend,
would be pleased as Punch if I won. Winning
first place in a beauty contest would certainly
heighten me in his eyes! I could just see myself
now with my ribbon and cup, smiling that beau-
tiful smile I had been practicing in the mirror.

I had decided when my mother knocked on
the door. She was very pleased when I decided
I would go to Granny's and take my best
friend, Cathy O'Connor, with me.

I never had so much fun in my life as I had
that summer at Gran's with Cathy. As for the
beauty contest—I won second place in a flower
show with Cathy. Ours was judged the second
most beautiful arrangement, and we won second
prize, which was a rosebush. We planted it by
Granny's front door, and it is still flourishing
there.

GAIL ANDREWS (age 13) Bronxville, New York

BEDTIME

Nonfiction Award

Bedtime is the most horrible word in every
child's vocabulary. Not that it's hard to spell.
Just bed and time put together. We learn it
at the early age of two or three.

It's not a happy word. To us it has a sorrow-
ful, letdown feeling. To the smallest of us it
means trouble and tears. To the more educated
of us it means the time to be quiet and good—
also the danger signal to look out for fireworks!
Every child soon learns the atmosphere of just-
before-bedtime. We learn it by the expressions
on parents' faces. By their too-frequent glances
at the nearest clock or watch.

The older of us will automatically tense up
when our ears get numb with loud protests of
our younger brothers and/or sisters, and the
mad voices of our parents. Or maybe we are in
the place of the "older-younger" sister—as is
my case. My brother, only two years younger,
is healthier than I. This gives him every ad-
vantage when it comes to bedtime. He gets to
stay up after I do!

With the littler of us there are tricks, such
as prolonging the regular bedtime reading, or
getting Mommy interested in a song at the
piano. Getting Mommy or Daddy to sing, "so
you can sing me to sleep" is another. Taking
trips to the bathroom, getting drinks of water,

and brushing teeth are old favorites with all
of us.

To the older of us, knowing how to beg
"one more page" and stretching it into a chap-
ter is very important. Also taking time to spread
cheese on crackers very carefully, and to sip
slowly—for once—the drink at your bedtime
snack. Waiting till eight thirty to start your
homework sometimes works. If your father, like
ours, is the kind that's easy to get into long
scientific, historical, or mathematical discus-
sions, that helps.

But of course there is a limit. All of us know
there's a certain point when we must give up
—and, as our parents express it... "GET GO-
ING!"

JACQUELINE STRESAU (age 12) Washington Grove,
Maryland

PATTERN OF LIFE

Poetry Award

Belfast... wonderful Irish humor and temper
Beautiful countryside...
Serious, earnest people... green.

Berlin... crushed and distorted by war
Communist agitated...
Broken in appearance though not in spirit...
hope.

Glasgow... the challenging sound of the
tuning of bagpipes
Rationed supplies...
Frugal habits... a hospitable people... plaid.

London... meager rations and foggy weather
Overcrowded trams...
Impoverished aristocracy and Lloyd's Insurance
... tea.

Paris... exotic gowns and French perfume
Sidewalk cafes...
Happy people and carefree children... art.

New York... colossal buildings and heavy
traffic
Lavish dress...
Bubbling lights along old Broadway... subways.
LINDA HALVERSON (age 14) Ottawa, Canada



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

CONNIE YOUNG (age 12) San Francisco, California

BABIES Nonfiction Award

Babies come in assorted shapes, sizes, and somewhat varied ages. They may be precious little angels lying in a frilly bassinet at about two weeks or a month, or not quite so precious two-year-olds eating dirt in the back yard.

They are at their nicest stage before they have learned to talk back or lead a merry (?) chase around the block. They get great pleasure from rummaging through carefully arranged drawers and leaving toys all over the floor and on the stairs. A baby loves having his crib under a bulletin board (especially if delicious papers and pictures are hanging from it). This will afford him many delightful hours of feasting his eyes—and let's hope that's all!

Of course, he loves mealtime, but not because of the pap that he eats. It's the game that he plays of filling everything but his mouth with food—if you can call it that. His diet consists of such delicacies as prunes, beef-and-liver soup, cod-liver oil, creamed tuna, pasty egg yolk, and too many other concoctions like that sour orange-prune juice. This menu is always supplemented by bits of paper—preferably colored—scraps of fur, an old bootie or shoe, or anything else within crawling distance.

When you lie down on the floor to do your homework or enjoy an evening of television, the little one is right there ready to play cowboy. You are the horse!

He seems to love your method of changing his seat covers because he surely gives you plenty of occasions to do so.

The little cherub demands absolute quiet while he is napping, but he thinks nothing of disturbing your slumbers at 3 A.M., at which time his favorite song seems to be, "Take Me in Your Arms and Never Let Me Go."

But all is forgiven when, after tugging at your glasses and pulling your hair, he opens his mouth and covers one side of your face with a very wet kiss.

BEVERLY BACKSTROM (age 14) Fort Wayne, Ind.

BETSY BLISS BARTHOLAMEW Poetry Award

Back in the days when the West was new
Back in the West where the women were few,
Lived a young lady all sweet and true,
Named Betsy Bliss Bartholamew.

She lived with her mother and father, too,
And with her sister named young Mary Lou.
And none was more proud or pure or true
Than Betsy Bliss Bartholamew.

The Indians came, the Comanche and Sioux,
They captured her sister named young Mary Lou.

They captured her mother and her father, too,
Poor Betsy Bliss Bartholamew.

Poor Betsy was sad, poor Betsy was blue,
Her mother was gone, and her father was, too.
And so was her sister, yes, young Mary Lou.
Poor Betsy Bliss Bartholamew.

LEONA CLEM (age 10) Kentfield, California

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Dott Wyatt (age 14) Vacaville, California;
Shirley Grimes (age 15) Oxon Hill, Maryland
POETRY: Gail Strand (age 13) Sparta, New Jersey
FICTION: Anne Harrington (age 12) Wenham,
Massachusetts; Lynne Herthum (age 14) Baton
Rouge, Louisiana; Lois Yoder (age 15) Halden,
Missouri

NONFICTION: Ann Maness (age 16) Tulsa, Okla-
homa; Mary Devlin (age 16) Wichita, Kansas
PHOTOGRAPHY: Jean Meyer (age 14) East Lansing,
Michigan; Joan Allen (age 14) Hingham, Mass-
achusetts

SEE PAGE 78 FOR "BY YOU" RULES

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney
Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent
Springfield, Mass.	Forbes & Wallace, Inc.

PRIZE PURCHASE—PAGE 27

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Albany, N. Y.	Little Folks Shop
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Dayton, Ohio	The Elder & Johnston Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Gimbel Bros.
Rochester, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
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Milwaukee, Wisc.	Gimbel Bros.
Rochester, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards & Son
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ROUND-THE-CLOCK SEPARATES—PAGES 28-29

glen of michigan

Charlotte, N. C.	J. B. Ivey & Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Lytton's
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Dallas, Tex.	Sanger's
Houston, Tex.	Battelstein's
Omaha, Nebr.	Goldstein Chapman
Traverse City, Mich.	J. W. Millikin, Inc.
Troy, N. Y.	Denby's
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.

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Boston, Mass.	Chandler's
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Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Philadelphia, Penna.	Strawbridge & Clothier
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Miss Ilene

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Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullock's
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New York, N. Y.	Lord & Taylor
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Blouse by Smarteens

Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Crowley's
Flint, Mich.	Smith-Bridgman Co.
Peoria, Ill.	Bergner's
Sheboygan, Wisc.	H. C. Prange Co.
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop

Skirt by Jaymee

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Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
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Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
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Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's, Inc.
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New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
Philadelphia, Penna.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
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Toledo, Ohio	The Lamson Bros. Co.
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Pawtucket, R. I.	The Peerless Co.
St. Louis, Mo.	Scruggs, Vandervoort, Barney
San Francisco, Calif.	Macy's
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop

TO TOP IT ALL—PAGES 30-31

Marlee

Albany, N. Y.	Wonder Shop
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison's
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Martin's
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Evansville, Ind.	De Jong's
Fall River, Mass.	Cherry & Webb Co.
Garden City, N. Y.	Martin's
Indianapolis, Ind.	H. P. Wasson & Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Ed Schuster & Co., Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Powers
Philadelphia, Penna.	John Wanamaker
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's
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Peggy 'n' Sue

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Pittsburgh, Penna.	Frank & Seder, Inc.

Brand & Puritz

Lansing, Mich.	Marie's Fashions
Macomb, Ill.	Newell's, Inc.
Omaha, Nebr.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Orlando, Fla.	Ivey's
Springfield, Mo.	Killingsworth's
Wichita, Kans.	Innes

Jokes

ELECTRICALLY SPEAKING

PAULA: I have a cold.

PETE: Is it positive or negative?

PAULA: What do you mean, positive or negative?

PETE: Do the eyes have it, or the nose?

Sent by JOAN JACOBITI, Irvington, New Jersey

NEW RECIPE

CAMPER: I have a method for improving the flavor of salt.

COOK: For pete's sake, let's have it.

CAMPER: Sprinkle it lightly over a big steak.

Sent by DONNA FAGER, Flagler, Colorado

HE'D HEARD ABOUT THEM

Marion was teaching her little brother to tell time. "These are the minutes," she said, pointing to the clock, "and these are the seconds."

The little boy looked puzzled. Then he asked, "Yes, but where are the jiffies?"

Sent by ELLEN LORD, Bethel, Maine

TAKING NO CHANCES

"Now," said the hypnotist, "I shall make this gentleman forget everything."

"Wait a minute!" shouted a man in the audience. "He owes me five dollars!"

Sent by MARIAN DILLON, Fredericksburg, Virginia

PROBABLY

BIG SISTER: My goodness, you ask a lot of questions! I'd like to know what would have happened if I'd asked as many when I was your age.

LITTLE SISTER: Maybe you'd be able to answer some of mine now.

Sent by EVA JOHNSON, Des Moines, Iowa

SAD TALE

The lone chick, taking a look about the incubator full of unhatched eggs, sighed and remarked, "Guess I'll be an only child—Mother's blown a fuse."

Sent by EDITH GREGSON, Red Bud, Ill.

COULD BE RIGHT

TEACHER: Bob, tell the class what is meant by a compromise.

BOB: A compromise is a deal in which two people get what neither of them wanted.

Sent by MARY LOUISE WAZETER, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York

TO AVOID MISUNDERSTANDINGS

Sign in restaurant:

This is to notify customers that our crockery and cutlery are not medicine—they are not to be taken after eating.

Sent by CAROLINA PETRAK, Endicott, New York

STUMBLING BLOCK

TROOP TREASURER: I have a wonderful idea for a budget. The only trouble is, it will run into money.

Sent by STARLA RAE JANSSEN, Blooming Prairie, Minnesota

UNROMANTIC

BERT: There was the prettiest girl at the picnic. Every time I looked at her, she was eating a hot dog and watching me.

ED: Maybe you had the mustard!

Sent by CYNTHIA FORBES, Bayside, New York

GOOD ALTITUDE

JANE: I hear Bill has a new job. What's his position?

JOE: He's third assistant guesser in the weather bureau.

Sent by JUDY BROOK, East Lansing, Michigan

IT'S SAFE TO BE THIN

PAM: You say your uncle is an animal trainer? Why, he doesn't weigh a hundred pounds.

ANN: Exactly. The animals look at him and think, "I'll just wait until he's a little fatter!"

Sent by GAYLE MATTHEWS, Custer City, Penn.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

All jokes must be sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL on two-cent Government postal cards. Send as many jokes as you wish, but no more than two to a card. Write in ink, or on the typewriter, and be sure to give your name, full address, and age. Address your cards to THE AMERICAN GIRL, Jokes Department, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00 for each joke printed on this page.



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Pet of high school and college girls... capes give a dressed-up look to sweaters and skirts, as well as suits. And here's one you can make yourself, even if you've never sewed before!

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YOU DO: Cut cape from wool fabric, using diagram as a pattern. Face front and collar. Make $2\frac{1}{2}$ " hem. Make 6 button-holes, $\frac{3}{8}$ " in length. Space them 2" apart and $\frac{3}{8}$ " in from edge of right side of cape. Cover $\frac{1}{2}$ " size Prims Cover-Your-Own buttons. Sew to left side of cape. And wear it proudly!



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| 3. Little Tommy Tucker | 12. Before Christmas |
| 4. Jack & Jill | 13. Santa Claus Is Coming To Town |
| 5. Pease Porridge Hot | 14. Frosty the Snowman |
| 6. Where, O Where Has My Little Dog Gone | 15. You're All I Want for Christmas |
| 7. Humpty Dumpty | 16. Silver Bells |
| 8. The Farmer in the Dell | 17. Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer |
| 9. Three Blind Mice | 18. Christmas Island |
- Plus 38 other most popular songs and books of illustrations with words and music.

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|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
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| 2. Jingle Bells | 12. The Christmas Song |
| 3. White Christmas | 13. Santa Claus Is Coming To Town |
| 4. I'll Be Home For Christmas | 14. Frosty the Snowman |
| 5. Silent Night | 15. You're All I Want for Christmas |
| 6. Adeline Fidelity | 16. Silver Bells |
| 7. Winter Wonderland | 17. Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer |
| 8. Happy Holiday | 18. Christmas Island |
| 9. All I Want for Christmas | |
| 10. I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus | |

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| 2. Three Coins in The Fountain | 11. Steam Heat |
| 3. If You Love Me (Really Love Me) | 12. Green in the Face |
| 4. The Little Shepherdess | 13. Hit and Run Affair |
| 5. Merriam's Wayward | 14. I Never Saw A Night So Beautiful |
| 6. I Understand Just How You Feel | 15. Oh! Marie |
| 7. Happy Wanderer | 16. Wanted |
| 8. Ban Upstairs | 17. Cross Over The Bridge |
| 9. My Friend | 18. I Get So Lonely (Oh Baby Mine) |

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- | | |
|----------------------------|---|
| 1. Back Up Buddy | 10. Oh, Baby Mine |
| 2. My Everything | 11. New Mambo |
| 3. Even The | 12. Jilted |
| 4. You Better Not Do That | 13. Sparkling Brown Eyes |
| 5. The Cat Came Back | 14. I Don't Hurt Anymore |
| 6. I'll Be There | 15. You Weren't Ashamed To Kiss Me Last Night |
| 7. Rose Marie | 16. You're Right |
| 8. Release Me | 17. Secret Love |
| 9. As Far As I'm Concerned | |

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- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. A Pretty Wreath for Mother's Grave | 10. While The Ages Roll On |
| 2. Gloryland March | 11. I Know Who Holds Tomorrow |
| 3. Stormy Waters | 12. Invisible Hands |
| 4. Springtime in Glory | 13. Mansion Over The Hilltop |
| 5. Just A Closer Walk With Thee | 14. The Family Who Prays Together Stays Together |
| 6. The Lord Will Make A Way Somewhere | 15. Too Much Sinning |
| 7. Someone To Care | 16. Supper Time |
| 8. Home Of The Soul | 17. Let The Spirit Descend |
| 9. I Don't Care What Others Say | 18. From The Manger To The Cross |

18 Popular Latin Rhythm Mambo Songs \$2.98

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Aprilia El Pollo | 11. Nuevo Mambo |
| 2. No Cuentos Conmigo | 12. Quiero No Ma |
| 3. Mambolero | 13. Besos De Caramelo |
| 4. El Campanero | 14. Julio El Bon Bon |
| 5. Tu Plazo | 15. Mambo Nuevo York |
| 6. Sagueboroco | 16. Too Much Sinning |
| 7. Say | 17. Mambo Hop |
| 8. Yumbabe | 18. Solos Tu Y Yo |
| | 19. En Bolondron |

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3. Buffalo Gals	10. Red River Valley
4. Oh, Susanna	11. Arkansas Traveler
5. Soldier's Joy	12. Little Brown Jug
6. Devil's Dream	13. Turkey in the Straw

PLUS BOOK: ☐ 78 RPM ☐ 45 RPM
 "Square Dancing For Young and Old"

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- | | |
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| 2. Bye, Bye, Blues | 12. Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes |
| 3. You Belong To Me | 13. Trying |
| 4. Anywhere I Wander | 14. Even Now |
| 5. Takes Two To Tango | 15. Glow Worm |
| 6. My Baby's Coming Home | 16. Have You Heard |
| 7. Lady of Spain | 17. Side By Side |
| 8. Keep It A Secret | 18. Oh Happy Day |
| 9. Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me | |
| 10. Why Don't You Believe Me | |

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Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Only original material, never before published, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". **WARNING: Wrap carefully!**

Photographs: Any subject, Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

RULES

- Entries for the January, 1955, issue must be mailed on or before October 1, 1954. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.
- On the upper half of the first page of manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written: The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these.

Send Entries to "By You" Dept. Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine

155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

ANSWER TO THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 48

P	L	A	I	F	U	L	R	E	B	A	T	E	S
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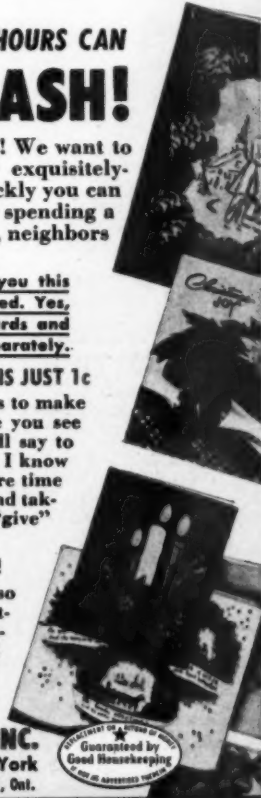
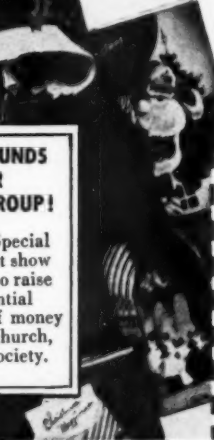
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